



*Hubert* (See Z) 7  
THE  
L I F E  
OF *John B. H.*  
EDWARD II.  
With the FATES of  
G A V E S T O N E  
AND THE  
S P E N C E R S.  
A  
P O E M  
I N

Three CANTO's.

To which (for the better Understanding of the whole) is prefix'd an Account of that Prince's Reign from Dr. Echard and Others.

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Done from a Manuscript.

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Heu Pietas  
Heu Prisca Fides.

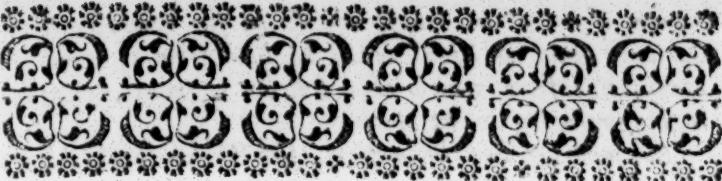
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*P. B. H.*

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## THE P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Three following Canto's falling accidentally into the Hands of the Publisher, and he finding that the Subj. &t would be both Instructing and Delightful to the Publick, he thought himself oblig'd to gratify the Curious with this Edition from an Old Manuscript, which, (as far as may be judg'd by the Character) seems to have been wrote about a Hundred Years ago; And tho' no small Labour has been us'd to find out the Author, and the Edition mention'd a little lower, yet no Success has attended the latter, but as to the former a probable Supposition may be made, for, Doctor Nicholson in his English Historical Library Page 79 and 80. mentions King Edward the Second's Life being wrote by the Lord Viscount Faulkland, with many Political Observations on him and his Unhappy Favourites Gavestone and the Spencers, he continues, " There was also an Historical Poem written about the same time, on the same Subject, whose Author was Richard Hobert, a Younger Brother to Sir Henry, who himself made some Additional Observations, that are of Good Use and Ornament to it.

And in the first Volume of the Athen. Oxon. Page 501. We find there was such a Poem published by Mr. Hobert about the Year 1629, after his own Copy, in the same manner as is above mention'd.

Thus far we have helps to put us in a Way at least to suppose that this Gentleman was the Author, Dr. Nicolson indeed says in the above mention'd place, that it was published in 1629, in Octavo, but that Edition is so

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Scarce, if at all in being, unless in the Cabinets of the Curious, that no Light could be had from it, and the Manuscript from which this Edition is made, mentions nothing relating to the Author.

But whoever was the Author, the Work bespeaks him to have been a Gentleman of good Sense and Learning, the Philosopher appears thro' the whole both in his Morals and his Similies from Nature. The Subject he has chosen gives him a large Field to work upon; Seditions, Rebellions, Unsuccessful Wars, a Debauched Court, a Weak Prince, and in short, all the Changes that could happen in an Unfortunate Reign, are his Materials, which he has handled with a great deal of Judgment. His Language, it must be confess'd, is a little Obsolete, but Significant, if he descends very often to the meanness of a Pun, that must be excus'd, since every Body knows that it was the Wit of the Age, which infected even Milton himself. On the other Hand his Stile is very grave, free, and easy, without Passion or Interest, and when he seems to Blame the Conduct of the Great, it is with a becoming Modesty and Reservedness, and only gives general Reflections without any private View or pointed Satire. Thro' the whole, he appears to have been well acquainted with Ancient and Modern History, and particularly with our own Constitution, to have been an able Statesman, a refined Politician, and a great Scholar. He sometimes takes a little Liberty with the Clergy, but with such Cautions, that he seems rather to have had a design of Reforming, than Abusing or Disobliging them; and when he speaks of them Satirically, it is when Popery was the Established Religion here in England; and his Freedom lets us plainly see, he was under no Apprehensions from that Party or the Inquisition; for in the whole he Breathes nothing but Liberty and Property, and a profound Veneration for Maj:ty, and the Person of the then Reigning Prince King Charles the First.

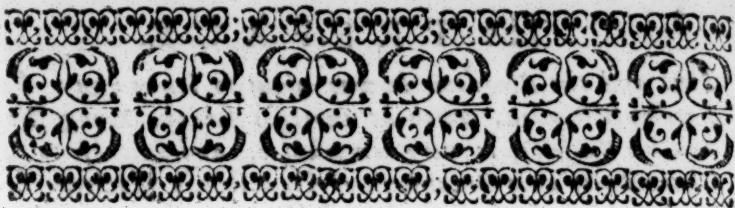
His Characters are, 'tis true in Miniature, but very bold, and he has taken a great deal of Pains to keep them up thro' the whole, with all the Exactness that the Nature of the Work would admit of. Edward the First's Speech on his Death-Bed is wrought up to a very great Height of Tenderness, both for the future Welfare of his Son,

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Son, and the Kingdom he was about to leave him : that Fartherly Regard, which he expresses for the Young King and his Subjects, is very remarkable, and Suitable to the Character of that Great Prince. Gaveston's Machiavillian Speech at the end of the first Canto is the true Picture of one, who actuated by Revenge and Ambition, durst speak Treason to his Prince under Colour of good Council; which at once gives us a Just Idea of the Weakness of the King, and of the Villany and desire of Revenge in his Minister.

There indeed seems to be a good deal of Levity in his Description of the Familiarity between the Queen and Mortimer ; and this is the only Place our Author recedes from his usual Gravity, but considering the Subj. Et, it must have been either wholly omitted, or express'd as it is ; Yet it does not want it's own Beauties, for in it we have a lively Representation of the Weakness of the Queen, and Mortimer's Polite Ambition and Cunning, and in short, is the Ground Plot of the ensuing Tragedy. But when we come near to the Close of the Story, there is a great Variety wrought up with all the Passion and Tenderness that such a Subject was capable of, there is a fine Scene opens it self upon the King's Flight from London to the West with his three Ministers, his lying conceal'd in Wales, and the Speeches they make are Excellent and Admirably Suitable to the Condition they were then in, the Inhuman Treatment he afterwards met with till he was Murder'd is very well describ'd, and seems to have been design'd to Command even the Pity of his greatest Enemies.

In a word, 'tis hop'd that the World will agree that it is a finish'd Piece in its kind, that the Rules of Life are laid down so plain, that Persons of all Ranks may find Examples and Instructions for their Conduct in their several Stations, and that it is a true Representation of the innumerable Misfortunes which attend a Throne that is supported by the unbounded Avarice and Ambition of the Mercenar. Great.



# THE LIFE OF *EDWARD II.*

**E**dward the First was a Prince of a Generous Spirit, Born and Bred to Great Actions, had Wit and an Understanding every way equal to his Valour and Bravery, an Uncommon Ability of Judgment was seen in all his Actions, and he had a peculiar readiness to hear the Judgment of others. He was a happy Observer of Opportunity, Wary and Provident in his Designs, and Vigilant and Vigorous in the Execution of them; Severe in Points of Justice, and not easily appeas'd when thoroughly provok'd. He was every way an Excellent and Accomplish'd Prince; But his Ambition and Thirst after Glory was more for the Grandeur than the Repose of England.

His Son our Edward the 2d Succeeded him, with the Universal Applause and Love of his Subjects, tho' it was his Misfortune to lose both very soon, after his Accession to the Crown: His Uncontrollable and Headstrong Temper appear'd in his very first Actions in recalling his beloved but Vicious Favourite *Gaveston* from Exile, contrary to all Advice and

the last Precepts of his dying Father, who wisely perceiving what influence that loose Person had over him, commanded him to depart the Kingdom, and oblig'd him by a Solemn Oath not to return without his Licence. And at the same time the Prince swore that he would not Receive, Retain, or Permit the said *Gavestone* to be near him without his Pleasure : But by a Fatal disregard to his Oath, Good Advice, and his Father's dying Words, he recall'd him even before his Funeral Solemnities were perform'd, and rais'd him not only to the greatest Honours in the Kingdom, but made him the Disposer and Dispencer of all Preferments and Favours about Court. This Fatal Step was succeeded by one no less injust, by Imprisoning the Bishop of *Chester* (who had formerly reprov'd him for some lew'd Extravagancies, and complain'd of *Gavestone* as the Promoter of them) and rewarding his too Troublesome Virtue with the Seizure of all his Goods and Temporalities, to which he was not restor'd till the Papal Authority Interpos'd.

The English Nobility perceiving that *Gavestone* had more of the King's Favour than they thought fit to share with a Foreigner, were so far exasperated that they threaten'd to hinder his Coronation if he was not remov'd from the Court and Kingdom. The King to avoid so great a Dishonour promis'd upon his Faith to yield to what they desir'd in the next Parliament. But upon the Solemny *Gavestone* was appointed to carry St. *Edward's* Crown before the King, an Honour which only belong'd to those of the Blood Royal. *Gavestone* having got the Entire Possession of the Heart of his Weak Master, drew him from all Thoughts of Noble Enterprizes, either in accomplishing his Father's Will as a Son, or discharging his particular Duty as a King. The Court was fill'd with nothing but Buffoons, Parasites, and such other of *Gavestone's* Instruments as he thought would be most proper to divert the King from any thoughts of governing himself, or his Subjects, while he himself wasted the Revenues of the Crown, and converted them to his own private Uses ; Nay he

he had so great an Ascendant over the King, that his Favours to others always turn'd to his Advantage; and he wore the very Jewel of the Crown which the King very imprudently declar'd, should descend to him, were his Power Equal to his Affection.

The Nobility inrag'd in the last degree to see those Extravagant Favours conferr'd upon *Gaveston* press'd the King to Banish him the Kingdom, for he presum'd so much upon the King's Interest and his Favours to him, that he despis'd the Nobility as much as they hated him; till at last the King with much Reluctancy sent him to *Ireland*, not as an Exile but as his Lieutenant; But he continued not long in that Country, for to the King's great Satisfaction he came to *Wallingford* to a Tournament he had procur'd to be Proclaimed, Attended with so many Men out of Foreign Parts that he insulted over the Nobility, the Chief of whom were the Earls of *Lancaster*, *Hereford*, *Warwick*, *Pembroke*, and *Warren*, to whom this Proud Favourite gave Ridiculous and Opprobrious Names.

*Gaveston's* Insolent Extravagancies and the King's Exorbitant Favours to him, gave the Nobility an Advantage to represent to him the great Diminution of the Crown Revenues, and by their Affiduity obtain'd a Commission enabling them to appoint a Select Number among themselves, that should have Power to make Ordinances for the better Government of the King's Household and Kingdom, which they did, and had them confirm'd by a particular Instrument from the King.

By the Twentieth Article of those Ordinances *Gaveston* was proscrib'd and Oblig'd to quit the Kingdom, the Nobility plainly telling the King that unless *Gaveston* was Banished they would treat him as a perjur'd Prince; the King yields, and the Lords procure this Clause to be added to his Proscription, that if hereafter he should again be found in *England*, he should be put to Death as an Enemy to the Kingdom.

*Gaveston*, after sculking a while in *Flanders*, knowing no safe Retreat, takes a Resolution to fly back to his

his Master's Arms, the only Sanctuary he had left ;  
The King receiving him with infinite Fondness  
and his Usual excess of inconsiderate Joy, declar'd,  
that he had been Banished contrary to the Laws of  
the Kingdom, which he was bound to maintain by  
his Coronation Oath.

The Lords to this Expression of the King's Tenderness did not neglect the Occasion to declare, that the Laws of the Kingdom, together with the late made Ordinances were not observed nor regarded. Matters tending towards a Rupture, several Methods were propos'd for making those Differences up in an Amicable manner, but *Gaveston's* Insolencies and Extravagancies still increasing, prevented all Accommodation.

The Nobility chusing the Earl of *Lancaster* for their General took up Arms, and by Common Consent sent to the King then at *York*, begging him, either to deliver *Gaveston* to them, or oblige him to quit the Kingdom, according to the late Ordinances. The King drown'd in Pleasure, which seem'd only to proceed from his enjoying his beloved *Gaveston* again, took no Notice of their Petition ; but left *York*, and repair'd to *Newcastle*, the Lords with their united Forces March after him, declaring that they intended no Injury to their Sovereign, but only that they might have *Gaveston*, and Judge him according to the Ordinances they had made by Common Consent ; upon their Approach the King removes to *Tinmouth*, where he left his Queen big with Child, and went with his beloved Favourite in a Small Vessel to *Scarborough Castle*, commanding the Garrison to protect him while he repair'd into *Warwickshire*. The Lords invested the Garrison and so straitned it, that *Gaveston* having no prospect of Safety but the Hopes of once more getting into the King's Presence, Surrender'd himself upon that Condition, and standing the Judgment of the Barons, to the Earl of *Pembroke*. The King having Notice of this, earnestly desired he might speak with him, and even begg'd that his Life might be sav'd, promising upon that Condition to satisfy the Desires of the Nobility in  
all

all Things. The Earl of *Pembroke* perswaded them to grant the King's Desires, promising upon the highest Penalties to see the Conditions perform'd ; but *Gaveston's* bad Fate prevented it, for the Earl of *Warwick* came with a great Force and by Night and carried him to his Castle at *Warwick*, where at Consultation it was advis'd that it would be very Weak in them to hazard the losing of him after so much Expence and Trouble, and that it was much better he should dye, than a War should be raised in the Kingdom.

Upon this Advice they carried him out of Prison to a Place called *Blacklow* near *Warwick* and there Beheaded this Favourite, notwithstanding the King's earnest Solicitations to prevent the fatal Blow. Thus fell *Pierse Gaveston* a Native of *Gascoigne*, who for the great Services his Father had done to the Crown was bred up by King *Edward the First*, with his Son this Prince ; he was a handsome Man, undaunted Courage, Brave and Hardy in Military Affairs, very Eloquent, and, as our Author says, a Syren's Tongue : he seems to have been a Courtier, for he could not stoop to those he loved not, nor disguise his Natural Temper to fawn upon his Enemies, but presuming too much upon his Prince's Favours and his own Fortune, he grew tollerably Proud, which in the end Occasion'd Ruin.

The Lords, sensible of their own Strength and the King's Weakness, proudly demanded of the King that their Ordinances might be confirmed and put into Execution, threatening to constrain him by Force if not speedily perform'd ; But by the Management of the Pope's *Nuncio*, the Bishops, and the Earl of *Gloucester*, Articles were Agreed upon, for the present ; But the King still harbouring his Resentment for the loss of his dear Companion, charg'd the presumptuous Lords with the Inhuman Murder of his Friend, to which they boldly reply'd, that they deserved his Royal Favour in prosecuting the publick Enemy of the Nation, who had been justly Banished by two several Kings. Nevertheless, they preve-

event Civil discords the Lords in open Court at  
minster humbled themselves before the King, sup-  
licating his Favour, which shewed that they had  
more Inclination to Obedience than Rebellion, and  
wanted but the prudent Justice of a Prince to heal  
those Wounds that Fears, Jealousies, and Discon-  
tent, had made.

The King's Misfortunes began after this to fall  
very heavy upon him. For the *Scots* under the  
Conduit of their King the Valiant *Robert de Bruce*,  
not only recovered all his own Dominions out of  
the Hands of the *English* and their Faction in *Scotland*,  
but enters the Borders of *England* with Fire and  
Sword, and lays waste *Northumberland*. The King  
routed as it were out of a Lethargy, takes Arms  
and Marches into *Scotland* with an Army, some say,  
consisting of between Two and Three Hundred  
Thousand Men. The Undaunted King of *Scots* with  
only Thirty Thousand Men met and engag'd this  
terrible Army at the Famous *Bannock burn*, and  
having the Advantage of the Ground, gave *England*  
the greatest Overthrow that ever it sustain'd from  
that Nation.

The King fled, narrowly escaping with his Life,  
leaving many Noblemen of the highest Rank, Seven  
Hundred Knights and Bannerets, great Numbers of  
Gentlemen, and many Thousands of his Common  
Soldiers Dead upon the Spot, besides the Prisoners  
who were taken, and the great Riches and Booty  
that was lost. Thus this Unfortunate Prince in  
one Day had those Laurels snatch'd from him which  
cost his Father so much Blood and several  
Years Toil in gathering. All his Attempts against  
the *Scots* after this proving unsuccessful, instead of  
repairing his Dishonour by Arms, he consents to a  
peace with the King of *Scots* upon his own Terms.  
This Terrible Disaster was succeeded by Inundati-  
ons, Famine, and a Pestilence which rag'd in such a  
manner, that the Living among the Meaner Sort  
suffic'd to bury the Dead. But neither his  
honours from the *Scots*, nor the Miseries and  
calamities of his own Country, could divert him  
from

from Publickly Solemnizing the Funeral of his beloved *Gaveston*, whose Corpse he removed from *Oxford* to *King's Langley* in *Hertfordshire* with great Splendor, where in Person, with the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, Four Bishops, a great many Abbots and other Ecclesiasticks, he Honoured his Obsequies.

The Truce with the *Scots* gave no Quiet to the Kingdom, as was expected, but was succeeded with greater Troubles and Confusion; for the King, upon the Recommendation of the Lords themselves, had made *Hugh de Spencer* Lord Chamberlain, a Man of Equal Insolence, Vices, and Ambition, with his Predecessor *Gaveston*; with those Qualifications he so far insinuated himself with the infatuated King, that he succeeded to all the others Favour and Authority, and the Hatred and Envy of the Nobility. His Father *Hugh* was created Earl of *Winchester*, and also employed the better to support his Son; to effect the Ruin of those two, the Earl of *Lancaster* and most of the Nobility levied an Army of Ten or Eleven Thousand Men, and entered in a Hostile manner on the large Estates of the *Spencers* and laid them waste, carrying off Cattel and Corn to the Value of 68000 Pounds, and not satisfied with this, by the Terror of their Arms procur'd the Two Favourites to be banish'd.

The Lords being returned Home, the King having granted them all their Demands, the Edict for Banishing the *Spencers* was revoked as erroneous and Illegal, and the Revocation decreed by the Archbishop of *Canterbury* and his Suffragans. And the King to revenge himself on the Nobility, raises an Army, resolving to crush them and assert the Regal Power, or die in the Cause.

The Lords dreading the King's Power, a great many of them deserted and surrender'd themselves to the the King; and others, particularly the two *Mortimers*, were apprehended and imprisoned. The Faction weakened by this Defection retreats to the North to join the *Scots*, but were stopped at *Boregate Bridge* by Forces brought from *York* and *Carlisle* when

where the Earl of Hereford was kill'd, and their Leader the Earl of Lancaster, with many Barons, Bannerets and Knights, to the Number of Ninety Five, unable to sustain the shock of the Battle, or Fly, were taken Prisoners.

The King having these Mighty Enemies in his Power, the Spencers, on whose Accounts the War had been begun, full of Revenge, and that they might Rule without Controul, urge their Execution. The King with the two Spencers and others gave Judgment upon the Earl of Lancaster, who was Beheaded the same Day before his own Castle, and Fifteen others who were Executed in most of the Cities of England to Strike the greater Terror thro' the whole Nation, which was the first Noble Blood, that was shed on Scaffolds since William the Conquerour, which being chiefly occasioned by the Power of the two Spencers, and without any regular Process, it afterwards procured a dismal Revenge.

For the King by this Execution having made himself Terrible to the English, and as he thought formidable to the Scots, Marches into Scotland with a great Army, but with small Provisions, which the King of Scots having Intelligence of, kept close within his Intrenchments, and cutting off the King of England's Communication, left him to overcome himself, which Stratagem had its desired Effect, for the Famine encreasing, he was forced to retire into his own Dominions with the Scots upon his Rear, without the Honour of Striking a Blow, and with a great deal of difficulty made his Personal Retreat good, with a few followers, tho' the Scots took all his Treasure and Furniture, and laid all waste before them with Fire and Sword to the Walls of York, and returned Home laden with Spoils and Booty; which was all the Success this Unfortunate King had in his Third Expedition into Scotland.

A Truce being concluded with the King of Scots for a few Years. The last Scene of the King's Tragical Misfortunes began now to open. For the Spencers not only Sold the King's Pardons to such as were concern'd in the Barons Contest, but even his Favours and place:

of Honour and Trust at excessive Rates, to the impoverishing of many of the Nobility and not content with this they retrench'd the Queens Attendance and Expenses, which made her complain that the Heir of France was marryed to a Miser, and tho' a Queen, she was no better than a Waiting Woman, living upon a Pension from the Spencers, which so enrag'd her that she studid nothing but a revenge, which she soon had an Opportunity of bringing about, fatal to the King and his Favourites, which she effected thus.

The King's Territories in France being in Danger to be seiz'd upon, being adjudg'd to be forfeited for want of the Usual Homage, which with the Queen's late Complaint to her Brother of the Exorbitant Power of the Spencers laid the first foundation of their Common ruin. For the French King having seized upon many places of Importance, Matters were brought to that Hight that the King was resolv'd to go over in Person, to accommodate them. But the Spencers having created themselves many Mortal and Inveterate Enemies, particularly the Bishops of Hereford and Lincoln, who had been remov'd from their Temporalities for supporting the Mortimers in the late Quarrel with the Barons, dreaded nothing more than a Separation from the King's Person, looking upon his Presence, as the only safeguard they had for supporting their Power and Authority, Perswaded him against the Advice of every body else to send the Queen over to Negotiate his Affairs with her Brother the French King. The last being agreed upon, the Queen was sent away with an Indifferent Train, and manag'd Matters so seemingly well, that all differences were compos'd upon Condition, that the Young Prince should have the Dukedom of Gascony and Poitou, for which the French King was willing to accept of his Homage. The Young Prince was accordingly sent over to his Mother, to the utter Ruin of his Father and his Favourites; For the Heir to the Crown of England being among the Contrary Faction, the Queen managed matters so well with him that under colour of destroying the Spencers, laid a Foundation to build her Revenge upon the King

by

By the Bishop of Exeter, who secretly withdrew into England, being informed of the whole Conspiracy; and that he had Observ'd too much Familiarity between the Queen and Mortimer who had lately escaped out of the Tower of London, sends several Messages to them to return to England. But Things not being yet ripe for Execution, the Queen deferred her coming home upon one Pretence or other, and detain'd her Son likewise.

The Unfortunate King seeing his Error by the greatness of his Dangers, earnestly sollicited the French King to send them home, but not succeeding, he imprudently declared them both Traitors, with their Adherents.

It was suppos'd, and believed by the Queen and her Party that there were Design's laid to take away her Life and that of the Young Prince; Which the Queen Understanding, retir'd into Hainault, where having contracted her Son to one of the Earl's Daughters, raised Men with the Money to assist her in her Expedition into England, seeing no hopes of a Reconciliation with the King but what cou'd be procured by the Sword.

Being furnished with Men and Vessels she landed at Harwich with the Earl of Kent the King's Brother, Mortimer, and several others who had fled from England, and 2750 Men well Arm'd, where she was joyn'd by the Earl Marshall, the Earl of Leicester, a great many Barons and Knights, and almost all the Prelates, particularly the Bishops of Lincoln Hereford, and Ely; having now made up a considerable Force they set forwards prepared to meet their Opposers.

The King committed an Error worse than any of his Former by leaving London, and retiring himself with his inseparable Favourites the Spencers into the West to raise an Army against the Queen, whose Forces being now very much encreased, she pursu'd her flying Husband and King, first to Oxford and from thence to Gloucester and Bristol, where she took the Old Spencer whom the King had left Governor, and executed him with all the Rigour that Revenge and Conquest could invent.

The flying King wherever he went he found no Subjects, but led by as uncertain Councils as his Life had been Govern'd, he knew not whether to fly, but only Fled: at last he designs for the Isle of Lundy or Ireland, but being put back by bad Weather was forc'd to conceal himself in Wales. But his Retirement being soon discover'd by the revengeful Earl of Lancaster's Brother, by the Force of Money and Arms they got him into their Possession, with the Young Spencer, Chancellor Baldock, and Simon de Reding, as if this Unfortunate Prince should always appear inseparable from the Cause of his Ruin.

The King was remov'd from several Places to Kenelworth in Warwick-shire, the Young Spencer grac'd the Queen's Triumph, being expos'd to all the Contempt and Scorn that was possible, and at last to ease him of all his Pains, was put to Death with all the Torments that Malice could invent, being executed on a Gallows fifty Foot high, his Head set up at London, and his Quarters in other Places of the Kingdom; and Simon de Reding was Hang'd Ten Foot lower on the same Gibbet, and Baldock put into Newgate, where he was starv'd to Death.

A Parliament being summon'd and several Articles being Exhibited against the King, it was adjudg'd and declar'd that he was unfit to Govern the Kingdom any Longer, and agreed to depose him for Male Administration, and Elect his Eldest Son Edward to succeed him, which was proclaim'd at Westminster with the Universal Consent of the Clergy and People then present, and the Arch Bishop of Canterbury Preach'd upon this Occasion on the since famous Text of *Vox Populi Vox Dei*.

The Queen seem'd to receive the News of this heavy Sentence with a great deal of Sorrow, but since she had been the chief Actress, she could not perswade others to believe that her Tears and Lamentations were real, and the Young Prince whether urg'd by his own Generous Temper or otherwise mov'd by that pretended Grief, swore that he would

would not accept of the Crown without his Father's consent.

Upon which Commissioners were dispatch'd to *Kenelworth Castle* to perswade him to resign, and even to threaten him in Case of Refusal, he receiv'd the Sentence with an unexpressible Sorrow, and with an uncommon Meanness of Spirit, added, that he heartily repented of what he had done ; and was Sorry that he had so much displeased his People, that they had utterly rejected him ; but thank'd them for Electing his Son. The Ceremony of his Resignation was soon perform'd, which consisted in the Surrender of his Diadem and Ensigns of Royalty for the Use of his Son, a New Form was made, having no precedent in *England* of One, and pronounc'd by Judge *Trussell*.

During the time that the Young King undertook an Expedition into *Scotland* with no Success, the Deposed King remained a Prisoner at *Kenelworth* with the sorry Allowance of 100 Marks a Month, but depriv'd of all other Human Comforts, lamenting with many Sighs the Absence of the Queen whom he still Lov'd. *Mortimer* by whom she was rul'd perswaded her that he designed to Murder her. But the Nation in general, and even his keeper *Lancaster* beginning to pity his Misfortunes, *Mortimer* alarm'd, for his own Safety, upon this delivers him to two New Keepers, *Gournay* and *Maltravers*, Persons of a Rough and incompassionate Temper, with Orders to remove him from thence into any Castle or Fortress in the Kingdom, which they did, hurrying him about in disguise in the Night from one place to another, allowing him neither sleep nor any other Necessaries of Life, as first to *Corfe* in *Dorsetshire*, then to *Bristol Castle*, and at Length to *Berkeley Castle*, and all to disappoint his Friends and prevent their Assistance. In his removal to *Berkeley Castle* they us'd the most unheard of Indignities to him, and the more to disguise him they shav'd his Head and Beard, which was done in the Open Fields by the Command of *Gournay*, who forc'd the Miserable King to sit on a Mole-hill while the Barber shav'd him with Cold Water

Water out of a Ditch, which he told him must serve for that time, to which he mournfully reply'd, that they should not hinder him of Warm Water at his Shaving, letting fall a Shower of Tears that overflow'd his Face and Beard.

Other vile Affronts and Indignities this Savage Goaler put upon his Sovereign, and to shew that there is but one step between the Graves and the Prisons of Princes, they send to Court for Instructions to Murder him, which they had Attempted several times without Success. Which as 'tis said they received from the Subtle *Adam de Torleton* Bishop of Hereford, in this Dark Ambiguous Line, *Edwardum Occidet Nolite timere bonum est*, and immedately Muidered him in a Barbarous manner by pressing his Head with Bolsters, and thrusting a hot Iron through a Hallow Pipe into his Body and Bowells to prevent the Discovery that might be made by what Death he dyed, but his loud Groans and Cryes sufficiently declared the Violence of it.

Thus Dyed *Edward the 2d* whose Sovereignty and Power dropt from him without those Violent Struggles which usually attend such Revolutions, and he is the first Instance in our History of a King's falling with so little Honour and Fidelity, and who found neither a Tongue nor a Sword to Assert his Right, *England* had suffered great Miseries thro' the Ambition of some of her former Vigorous Kings, but this Prince's Weakness was the only Occasion of the present Calamities. He was so passive that he seemed not only to be govern'd, but even actuated by his Favourites who commanded him and his Kingdom as they pleas'd, and only made use of his Name to countenance their Villanies. His meanly subjecting himself to the Power and Directions of Others was his Ruin, his too much Easiness, Complacency and Submission, or rather Subjection, hasten'd his Fate, in short his Weakness more than his Wick-edness occasioned his Downfall, and it may be said that his Sufferings over-balanc'd and in some manner Expiated his former Miscarriages. He was given too much

much to Drink, and tho' his Enemys blasted his Me-  
mory with a Criminal Familiarity with *Gavestone*, yet  
it cannot without Horror be thought that an English  
Prince could be guilty of a Crime of so Black a  
Nature, who was always remarkable for his  
Continence.

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The

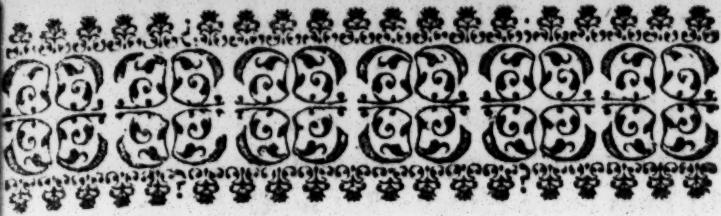
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# The ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

*The Introduction and Plan of the Work. The Prince debauched by Gaveston. How young Princes ought to be train'd. Gaveston's Person and Abilities described; his Counsel to follow Youthful Pleasures has its desired Effect; is banish'd the Court. Edward the First's Speech on his Death Bed. His Son removes his Father's Councillors and recalls Gaveston. A Digression concerning the Violation of the last Wills of Parents and Testators. Gaveston advanced to be Chief Minister of State and Favourite. The Nobility discontented. The King of Scots invades England. The King unsuccessful in his Wars with that Prince. The Peers procure Gaveston's Banishment; but is sent to Ireland as the King's Lieutenant; is recalled and becomes more insolent; is Banish'd the Third Time, and Returns; Advises the King to destroy the Nobility and Reign Absolute. The Peers raise an Army, Gaveston taken and Beheaded.*

THE



# THE L I F E O F K. EDWARD II.

## C A N T O I.

1.

**I**SING thy sad Disaster, (Fatal Kinge  
*Carnaruan Edward Second of that Name*)  
Thy Minions Pride, thy State ill managing,  
Thy Perres Revolt, the sequel of the same,  
Thy Life, thy Death, I sing thy Sinne thy Shame,  
And how thou werst deprived of thy Crown,  
In highest Fortune cast by Fortune downe.

2.

Did I say Fortune? nay by Folly rather,  
By unrespect unto the Rules of State:  
For let a Prince assure himselfe to gather  
As he hath planted, either Love or Hate,  
Contempt or Dutie; not the worcke of Fate,  
Much less of Fortune, but of due respects  
To Causes which must needs produce Effects.

B

3. As

3.

As if a Prince do lay his *Plattforme* right,  
 And then with *Courage* prosecute the same,  
 His Ends prove Happy: But by Oversight  
 He that is weake wholly subverts the frame  
 Of his owne Building, and doth idly blame  
 Fortune, which *Wise Men* make to waite on them,  
 But for a wayward Mistress *Fooles* condemne.

4.

In which discourse if I could happ to touche  
 Those Faults that in our tyme are frequent growne  
 Lett not the gall'd Offender winche, or grutche,  
 For I intend a Private Wronge to none:  
 Onely I would have these same Errors knowne  
 By which the State did then to Ruine runne  
 That warn'd by theirs, Our Age like Sinns might

5.

(shunne.)

Nor do I meane to bound my selfe soe much  
 As only for to tye me to those Tymes,  
 The Causes, Courses, Consequents I'le touche  
 Of latter Ages, and of their Desigues  
 And if Detraction's Breathe doth blast my Lynes  
 Be it for me I have 't for my Defence  
 The Privy Coate of harmles Innocence.

6.

And thou, *Great Kinge*, that now dost weild the State,  
 Building on that which former Tymes did square,  
 Oh lett it not be thought to derogate  
 From thy Perfeccions admirablie rare  
 If I some Errors of the Tymes declare:  
 Since never State was so precisely good  
 But Faults have scapt which could not be withstande.

7. For

## 7.

For Men are not like God, Compleate Divine,  
 Whom neither Passions move nor Errors blinde,  
 Who is not lymittid with any Tyme,  
 Nor ty'd to Meanes, nor unto Place confynde ;  
 But Free in all, noe countercheck doth finde  
 To contradict the least part of his Will,  
 But worcketh all in all, and nothing ill.

## 8.

Whereas our humane Actions all are mixt,  
 Men live in *Motion*, soe do their *Designes*,  
 Nothing is simply good or firmly fixt,  
 All have Defects, Nature it selfe declynes,  
 Darknes oft cloudes the clearest Sonne that shines,  
 Our purest Streames are not without their Mudd,  
 And we mistake what oft we take for good.

## 9.

Besides *Kings* needs must see with others Eyes,  
 From whence mistaking cannot choose but spring  
 And when th' Offence from *Error* doth arise  
 Why should Men cast the *Envoy* on the *King*,  
 And not on those that misinforme the Thing ?  
 This is the *Gall* most banes the Kingly Throwne,  
 That of his Faults the least parte is his owne.

## 10.

For he himself is Blameles oft (*God knowes*)  
 Except it be because he doth not knowe  
 The noted Scandalls that arise from those  
 On whome he doth his Favours most bestowe :  
 Which they abusing, Discontents may growe  
 Against the *Prince*, though not deserving them,  
 Soe apt we are even Goodnes to Condemne.

11.

Nor must we with a *Coale* straight mark or brand  
 A *Prince* or *State* because of some Defect :  
 Who can be free from Sully, if soe scan'd ?  
 But that some *Prince* or *State* deserves respect,  
 Whose Actions do in generall affect  
 And ayme at Good, for in Perticulers  
 None can be soe compleat but often errs.

12.

And much are they deceav'd that thinke to finde  
 A *State* without a Blemish or a Stayne ;  
 Conceit may cast Ideas in the Mynd,  
 And forge strange Formes, not practis'd in the Braine :  
 But *States* consist of Men, and Men retayne  
 This native Badge, which unto all doth cleave,  
 That is to be deceav'd and to deceive.

13.

The warlike Trumpett Sounding to the Fight  
 Commands the hearing more then doth the *Reed* :  
 Each Eye is fixed on the *Eagles* Flight,  
 When little *Wrenns* deserve not any heed,  
 The greatest Men shall have the greatest meed :  
 Marke whosoe list, and they shall find it tryed  
 That all Mens Eares to *Princes* Tongues are tyed.

14.

Then let the World attend *King Edwards* Words,  
 The *Second Edward*, matter fitt for moane, (Swords  
 Whose Smiles gave Life, whose Frowns did wound like  
 Whilst he did sitt upon the Kingly Throane :  
 Not Mynded now, nor Moan'd by any one,  
 So Tyme wee see cutts downe with fatall Blowe  
 As well proud *Oakes*, as humble *Skrubbs* belowe.

15. Imagine

15.

Imagine with your selves you see him come  
 From forth the deepe darke Cavernes of the Earther,  
 Starv'd and Pyn'd, nothing but Skin and Bone,  
 In Princly Plenty suffering Want and Dearth,  
 As naked as an Infant at his Birth.

Soe pinching *Need* doth pluck what *Pride* did plant,  
 And wastfull *Ryot* is repaid with *Want*.

16.

And thus, poore Prince, begins his Tragick Plaint,  
 Am I the same that was *First Edward's Sonne*,  
 By nature borne to live without Restraint?  
 Were there for me soe many *Trophies* wonn  
 By *Longshanks*, and such great Atchievements done  
 I am the same, and he soe great did leave me,  
 As none, I thought, of Greatnes could bereave me.

17.

But now I finde by Prooфе that one there is,  
 And well it is that there is such an one,  
 Who is not hudwinckt unto our Amisse,  
 And he canne pull us from our *Kingly Thronne*,  
 For all our *Guards*, our *Forts*, our *Walls of Stone*:  
 Know, King, how great soe're thou be,  
 The *King of Kings* still ruleth over thee.

18.

I know that Nattire, apt to overweene,  
 May eas'ly Strayne a Prince's Thought too highe;  
 I know it is, and evermore hath beene  
 A common Course to flatter *Majestie*:  
*Greasnes* is apt to sinne in *Surgedry*  
 Yet though like *Hills* wee overlook low *Grownds*,  
 All vertuous *Kings* confesse they have their *Bounds*.

B 3

19. And

19.

And therefore though wee have *Peregratives*,  
 Yett there are certaine *Limits* to the same  
 Which letts not Kings to be *Superlatives*,  
 To sway as God's *Lieftennants* this Faire Frame,  
 And those Aspirers meritt Death and Shame,  
 That doe repugn against those supreame Powers  
 Whome God hath made his Underlings; not Ours.

20.

And yet althoough their State be free from Force,  
 That gives not Lawles *Liberty* in all,  
 Kings must observe a just and rightfull Course,  
 God is their King to whome they Stand or Fall,  
 His Feare and Awe, whoe to account will call:  
 Their Oathe, their Vertue, and their owne Renown  
 Are *Diamantine Chains* to ty a *Crown*.

21.

And such as are not mov'd with theise respects,  
 But make their Might to serve their Will in all,  
 Leave them to God who *ruines* and *erects*,  
 Setts up a *David* and pulls downe a *Saull*:  
 He prospers, Houses rise; he Frownes, they Fall;  
 'Tis not *Descents*, nor *Swords*, nor *Force*, nor *Fate*,  
 But God supports, and God supplants a State.

22.

*Nyne Kings* had ruled since the *Conquest* here,  
 Whome I succeeded in a rightfull Lyne,  
 My Father, all Domestick Tumults cleare,  
 Did Warre and winn in fruitfull *Palestine*,  
 This *Northern Sunne* even to the *East* did Shine,  
 The *French* did feare when they but heard his Name,  
*French*, *Scotts*, and *Turks* did eternize the same.

23. No

23.

Noe Realme but did resound First Edward's Praife,  
 Noe Praife was ever wonn with more Deserts,  
 And noe Desert, though great, could counterpoise,  
 Much leſſe out-ballance his Heroick Parts;  
 Mars taught him Armes, the Muses taught him Arts:  
 Whereby ſoe great he grew that might there bee  
 A Jove on Earth, that Earthly Jove was Hee.

24.

A King may leave his Name unto his Sonne,  
 But to his Sonne noe King can leave his Nature,  
 In outward Form and Shape they may ſeeme one,  
 His Posture, Speech, his Countenance and Feature  
 May make the ſame be thought the ſelfeſame Creature:  
 I know in Face Sonns may be like their Syer,  
 But Faces like have oft unlike Deserts.

25.

For why our Bodies made of Humane Seede  
 Reſemble them whose Matter was their making,  
 Yea ſoe farr forth as often times we read  
 Of many Greifes hereditary taking  
 First roote from Parents Loynes, and not forsaking  
 Their Issues Issue untill many Ages,  
 To wofull Masters most unwellcome Pages.

26.

But Minds, not cast in any mortall mold,  
 Infus'd from Heaven, not ty'd unto Succession,  
 Are freely left, for ſoe the Maker would,  
 Unto his Wife and Provident Discretion,  
 Like ſoftned Wax, apt to receave Impreſſion:  
 But when the Form is once imprinted in,  
 'Tis hardly loſt, what Nature first did win.

27. Which

27.

Which is too truly instanced in mee,  
 For I was farr unlike my worthy Syre,  
 A sower Crabb from sweetest Apple Tree,  
 A Cloudy Smoke from Sunbright Shineing Fyre ;  
 And that small Good which Nature did inspire  
 By soothing Tongues too soone was turnd to Ill;  
 Soe smallest Frost untimely Fruite doth kill.

28.

For when Men did perceave my youthful ychte  
 To vain Delight, and saw my Mind affected  
 Unto the Flight where Pleasure made the Pitch :  
 How all my Noble Studies were neglected,  
 My Youth with Ease, my Ease with Lust infected,  
 Straight some sow'd Pillowes underneath my Sinn,  
 And prais'd that most, that I delighted in.

29.

Amongst the rest one Pierce of Gaveston,  
 French by his Birth, and French by his Behaviour,  
 One that indeed was second unto none  
 In winding in himself in great Mens Favour,  
 That by their Hazards he might be a Savour ;  
 When he did spy the Marke wherat I ment  
 Straight found the meanes to give my Bow more bent

30.

Wee liv'd together even from Prime of Yeares,  
 Whereby our joint Affections were combin'd,  
 The mutuall Confort of our Infant Feares  
 Doth keepe a long Possession of the Mind,  
 And many deepe Impressions leave behind :  
 Would'st thou have Love to last even to the Tomb  
 Then lett it take beginning at the Wombe.

31. S

31.

Soe hunt the Hound and soe the Hawke doth fly  
As at first Entrance they are made and man'd,  
And so theise Springing Humours seldom dye  
That in our first Conceptt ingrav'd stand:  
Though childish Love seems to be built on Sand,  
Yet every one may in himselfe it prove,  
*He likes it still that he at first did Love.*

32.

Princes that doe intend your Heires such good  
As shall enable them for to succeed,  
And noe way to disparage their Highe Blood,  
Oh lett it be your most respective heed  
To sowe their tender Yeares with Vertues Seed:  
For soe the well or ill manured Feild  
As it is tyll'd doth Corne or Cackle yeild.

33.

Inure their Youth unto their Peeres Converse,  
From whence some Seeds of liking first will growe,  
Which even the Soule it selfe in time will peirce,  
And prove a constant Zeale, from whence will flow  
All dutious Offices that Men can shew:  
And then Designes from Princes happiest prove  
When their great Peeres doe serve because they love.

34.

Besides there is a secret Trust repos'd  
In those whome long Assurance hath combyn'd,  
And when wee know how Humours are dispos'd  
We frame our Counsels fitter to the Mind,  
Unsounded, Nature's sharpest Judgment's blind;  
And those wee entertaine with Diffidence  
Of whom wee have but small Experience.

35. So

35.

So that to winn a Trust, to plant a Love,  
 To gaine a settled Service of the Peeres,  
 This is the way which cheifest Princes prove  
 To glue them fast even in their Infant Yeares,  
 And there my Father's Error much appeares,  
 Who did ingraft me into Gavestone,  
 By counting both our early Youthes in one.

36.

He was in Face a Cupid, or more faire,  
 A Mercury in Speech, or ells as much,  
 In Active Vigor he was Mars his Heire,  
 In Witt, Jove Bred, Minerva was not such:  
 But all theise Gifts will not abide the touch  
 Except with inward Vertues of the Mind  
 Bewty and Speech, Strength, Witt, are all refin'd.

37.

Why then should Nature sett soe faire a gloffe  
 Upon a Minde which Sinn doth soe deform?  
 Why should shee guild and patch up such base Drot?  
 As if shee did the Soule's Affection scorne,  
 And onely would Impiety adorne,  
 Or els seduce those Minds from judging right  
 Who doe conforme their Censures to their Sight?

38.

But oft wee see a sweete and mild Aspect,  
 A comely Presence pleasing unto all,  
 A Face that seemes all Vertues to affect  
 Doth hide a Heart of Stone, a Mind of Gall,  
 A crabbed Will, a Soule of Sinn most thrall,  
 And therefore he in Judgment shoots awry  
 That onely takes his Levell from his Eye.

39. Because

39.

Because the glorious Inside of the Mind  
 Hath noe dependance on the Outward Forme,  
 In which if *Erring Nature* prove unkinde  
 And Disproportions doe the shape deformes  
*She* commonly endeavours to reforme  
 The Body's Error with the Mind's supply :  
 So Richest Gemms in Earth's close Entralls lye.

40.

The Face is Falce, the Looke, is but a Lyer  
 The Habbit and the Heart doe much dissent,  
 For good Pretences cloke a bad Desier,  
 Fair Complements doe guild a falce Intent,  
 Who doth rely on them may channce Repent :  
 Which was my Case and caus'd my Overthrow,  
 For I did prize the Substance by the Show.

41.

If I may Use that Word without Comptroll,  
 If ever any *Metempsis* was,  
 I think the last *Affrian Monarch's Soule*  
 By due discent to *Gravestone* did passe :  
 For he was a right *Sardanapalus*,  
 Drown'd in Delights, if one may tearm them soe,  
 That Hatch in Lust, and Breath their last in Woe.

42.

This highest Scholler in the School of Sinn,  
 This Cenature, Halfe a Man and Halfe a Beast,  
 This pleasing *Syren* for my Hart did winn  
 That he was deare to me above the rest ;  
 Looke what He said was *Gospell* at the first,  
 Looke what he did I made my Presedent ;  
 Soe soone we Learne, what we too late Repent.

43. This

43.

This *Angell-Divell* thus shrined in my Hart,  
 This *Dragon* having gott the Golden Fruit,  
 My very Soule to him I did imparte,  
 Nor ever was I Deafe unto his Suite,  
 He Acted all, I was a Silent Mute:  
 My being seem'd to be in him alone,  
*Plantagine* was turn'd to *Gavestone*.

44.

And having seized me into his Hands,  
 For feare belike he should be soon diseas'd,  
 He thought to tye me still in straighter Bands,  
 By praising that wherewith my Sence was pleas'd;  
 Affirming that our Lives were to be eas'd  
 Of many Cumbers which the *Curious Wife*  
 Had laid on Men the more to *Tyrannize*.

45.

For what are *Laws* but servile Observations  
 Of this or that as't pleas'd the Makers mind,  
 The self-conceited saw Imaginations  
 Of worcking Braines which did in Freehume fynd  
 Our humane State, which they forsooth, would bym  
 To what they like, what like not was Forbidden:  
 So Horse and Mule with Bitt and Spurr are ridden

46.

Which well invented *Scarrcrows*, though they sen  
 For mud-borne Men to keep them in some awe,  
 Yet *Princes* are not borne soe to observe  
 The strict Precisements of th' *Incumb'ring Law*,  
 Which their High State to base Contempt doth dray  
*Kings* made theise *Laws*, and *Kings* may Break them not  
 That pleased them, and this displeaseth you.

47 N

47.

Noe, Noe, (*Sweet Prince*) saith he there is noe Law  
 Can Bynd a King but onely his Desyre;  
 And that full well the *Affryan Monarches* saw,  
 Whoe had before them borne *Consuming Fyer*,  
*Emblem of Regal Power*, which all admyre  
 But none must touch for feare of following harmes,  
 For *Fyer* (we know) *Consumes* as well as *Warmes*.

48.

The Spiders Webb holds fast the *silly Fly*,  
 The Hornet breaks it like a mighty *Lord*,  
 That *King of Kings* when he could not unty  
 The *Gordion Knott* divides it with his *Sword*:  
 That A&t of his fitt Matter doth afford  
 For President, were I as thou shalt bee,  
 I'd Rule the *Law*, *The Law* should not Rule mee.

49.

Except it were the *Golden Law of Nature*,  
 Sweet Nature, sweetest Mother of us all,  
 Which hath Infus'd thus much to every Creature,  
 To love the Honey and to loath the Gall,  
 To learne Delight, not to be Sorrow's Thrall:  
 For Pleasure doth with Nature soe agree  
 As Bees with *Thyme*, as Hony with the *Bee*.

50.

For in the *Prologue* of our Infant Play,  
 Even in our *Cradle* we doe cry and yell  
 For *Nurses* Brest, why soe? for Foode you'l say,  
 'Tis true, and Foode (say I) doth please us well,  
 As Hunger seems to be a Second Hell:  
 Soe that in Truth the Motive of our Cry  
 Is to be Fedd, and to be Pleased thereby.

C

51. As

51.

As in our Prologue soe in our next Act,  
 I meane in Childish Years, whoe doth not see,  
 That everie Thought of Ours, and Word and Fact,  
 Doth ayme at Sporte, at Pleasures, and at Glee ;  
 With daily Cares, and mightie Studdies bee.  
 Wittnes the Checks, the Rods, the Blowes we take,  
 The many Blowes, and all for Pleasures sake.

52.

But when our Youth doth stepp upon the Stage,  
 The sweetest part that any Man can play,  
 The pleasing Love and Hope, (Love's pleasing Page)  
 And Courage, Hope's Attendant Night and Day,  
 And Fortune se'dome saying Courage nay ;  
 With full-sail'd Course doth carry us amayne,  
 To seek the Coast where full Content doth Raigne.

53.

Not staying here, still Nature drives us on  
 To new Delights, but of a diverse kind:  
 For middle Age to Armes will needs be gon,  
 With Honours sweet to Feede his hungry Mind,  
 And what is Honour but a pleasing Wind?  
 Remember what that famous Gretian sayes,  
 The sweetest Musick is a Man's owne Praye.

54.

Next Elder Age, and Silver seeming Haires,  
 By Nature ran full chace still after Pleasure,  
 For (Oh) the solace of the wayning Yeares,  
 To view her Ruddocks, and their Heapes of Treasure,  
 To weigh and tell their Gold at everie leasure ;  
 How great it is, speake they that rather choose  
 Gold should loose them, then they their Gold should  
 loose.

55. The

55.

The Epilogue of all our former Tyme  
 More hunts for Joy then any of the rest ;  
 Decrepit Age doth pray before the Pryme,  
 With Tearfull-Eyes, and knocks upon his Brest,  
 And gives his *Almes* to them that are distrest :  
 And what's his End ? That he might *Heaven* obtaine;  
 And what is *Heaven*? But *Pleasure void of Paine*.

56.

And as the Mind hath Motions to affect,  
 Soe have wee Means to satisfie the Mind,  
 Our little *World* is made with much Respect,  
 Our Mother Nature hath bene Wise and Kind,  
 By whome wee have apt Organs us assign'd  
 To execute whatsoe our Thoughts intend ;  
 And all our *Thoughts* ay me at some *Pleasing End*.

57.

Is not the *Head* the Storehouse of Conceit,  
 Plotting the Means to compasse our Delight,  
 Our Eyes Attendants that doe daily waite  
 Upon such Objects as may please our Sight ?  
 Wittnes the Chery Cheeks, and Brow Milke-White,  
 Wittnes, O noe, noe Wittnes but my Wishe,  
 Hiew Sight and Soule both like and long for this.

58.

What Mind, what Man, what Man of any Mind,  
 That is not toucht and mov'd with *Musick's sound* ?  
 Whose deep Impression worcks in Brutish kind,  
 As *Dolphins*, els *Arion* had bene drown'd ;  
 The savage Beasts that would not *Orpheus* wound,  
 The fencles Stones whome *Phebus Harpe* did move,  
 Doe wittnes all, how all doe *Musick love*.

59.

The bubling murmur of a flyding Springe,  
 That seemes to runn with sweete yea sullen Minde,  
 By which the winged Quyres in Consort sing,  
 With faire fac'd Eunuches errors of their kind,  
 Whose Notes are answeared with a soft still Wind,  
 Whilst some desired Dame tymes all with Kisses,  
 Who would not hold that Place a Heaven of Bliss?

60.

As Head, and Eyes, and Eares soe are our *Hands*,  
 Fleshhookes to hold and gather all unto us.  
 That with our *Pleasure* or our *Proffit* stands,  
 Thursting aside whatever may undoe us:  
 For which Implyments are allotted to us  
 Two *Hands*, Two *Feet*, the Agents of our Will,  
 To followe Rest, and fly from Restles Ill.

61.

Soe likewise in the structure of this Frame,  
 What is not made for Pleasure with much Art?  
 Soe Likewife in the guidance of the same,  
 What is deny'd us that may please the Heart?  
 Most Sencles Man (what Man soe ere thou art)  
 That in the very Fullnes of such Store  
 By willfull Wants wilt make thy selfe most Poore.

62.

In Heate of Summer when the *Burning Sunn*  
 Doth crust the Earth, are there not shady Bowers,  
 Are there not Rivers that do mildly Runn,  
 And now and then some cooling dewye Showers,  
 To keepe the Bewtie of the Blooming Flowers,  
 Wherewith our Mother Earth soe Faire is dight  
 That she allures her Children with Delight?

63. I will

63.

I will not speake of everie Daies Delight,  
 They are so Various, full of Rarytyes;  
 But are there not Sweet Pleasures for the Night,  
 Masques, Revells, Banquetteys, mirthfull Commedyes?  
 Nigh-tunns even Natures dearest Prodigies,  
 Which work in Men with Powerfull Influence,  
 As havinge their first Lives best motion thence.

64.

If then the Mover of this Glorious Round  
 Hath wisely fitted each thing ~~soe~~ to pleasure,  
 May he not seeme his Order to confound  
 That barrs himselfe from this same Earthly Treasure,  
 And to Delight doth lymitt sparing Measure?  
 Is't ever likely he would have made Things thus,  
 But that they should be fully us'd by us?

65.

And that I may not runn about the Feilds,  
 But keep my self in Compasse of the Ring,  
 I will omitt the Rich and Fruitfull Feild  
 Of Pleasure, poynting onely at the Springe;  
 The tast whereof such perfe~~t~~ Bliss doth bring.  
 As I do thinke no other Heaven there is,  
 Heauen Pardon me, if that I thinke amisse.

66.

That is, Sweete Nedd, the Paradise of Love,  
 The Joy of Life, and Life of our Conceite;  
 The Heavenly Fyre infused from above,  
 On which the Muses and the Graces wayte;  
 The Bodies Health, Soules Hope, and Natures Bayte,  
 The Quintessence, or Pure Essentiall Sweete,  
 The Point where all the Lynes of Pleasure meete:

67.

*Sweete Love!* that hast sweete Beauty for thine Objēt  
*Wise Love!* that dost converse with Soules and Heart,  
*Great Love!* to whome the greatest King is subject,  
*Pure Love!* that dost sublime our Earthly Parts,  
And makes them ayry by Ingenious Arts :  
O lett my *Nedd*, my *Prince*, my *Joye* posseſſe  
The Joys I would, but cannot well exprefſe.

68.

And thou (*sweet Nedd*) experience but the Pleasure  
Try what it is to Love, and be requited,  
And I will pawne my Life (*my greatest Treasure*)  
With one sweete Night thou wilt be ſo delighted,  
That thou wilt wish the World were ſtill benighted  
Then ſay (*deere Prince*) when thou the ſame doſt proue  
Noe Heaven but Joy, nor any Joy but Love.

69.

Oh ſee the *Fruits* of ill abused Witt,  
What Heart is wrought by Arm'd Impiety,  
Theire wretched Soules that ill with Art commit  
And Surfet with the sweet Satiety  
Of Graces given them by the *Deity* :  
Were all ſuch Minds brought up at Plow and Cart,  
Learning ſhould have her due, they their Desert.

70.

I ſee the Rule holds true, the best of all  
Being corrupted turnes unto the worſt ;  
And ſee the damned Spiritts before their Fall,  
Most Bleſſed, chaing'd from that they were at firſt,  
And now moſt Vile, moſt Wretched, moſt Accurſed,  
Looke what degree of Goodnes things retayne  
Whilſt they are Good, being ill they ſoe remayne.

71. WI

71.

With such and many more, more wanton Gloses,  
Whereat thy *Virgin Muse* will blushe for shame,  
With unchaste Words and *Pander-like* Supposes,  
This *Gavestone* so brought me out of Frame,  
That I Neglected *Father, Friends and Fame*;  
And soe those Pleasures onely were Respective  
That to my Fancy seemed most delective.

72.

You see how soone our sweetest Budds are blasted;  
How soone our fairest Blosomes loose their Florishe,  
How easly are the Seeds of Vertue wasted,  
And noysome Weeds of Vice how much wee norishe,  
Which doth the Soule of her chief Health impoverishe:  
Youth apt to stray is easly ledd awry,  
Wee fall by Nature, what needs Flattery.

73.

And yett he hath too much to worck uppon,  
The unexperience of our younger Yeares,  
The heat of Blood (which easily drawes us on)  
Ungrounded Hopes, and fond surmised Feares,  
The Courses enterrayn'd by like Compeeres,  
Our own Desert, our Parents loving Care  
This Devil doth use as Trapps unto his Snare.

74.

And soone it will the least Advantage finde,  
Whereby it may creepe into Mens concite,  
Observing first to what they are inclin'd,  
Which once perceiv'd it fits the humor straight,  
Still keeping Fashion, but still wanting Waite,  
In complements most seemingly precise,  
And that faire Masque blinds unsuspecting Eyes.

75. But

75.

But like as those Diseases faster grow,  
 Whose moving Causes on Complexions feed,  
 Soe farr more dangerous is this private Foe,  
 That doth attire himself in Friendships Weed,  
 Then he that shewes his Hate by open Deed,  
 For Armes, or Laws, or Freinds may fence the one,  
 The other God himselfe must sheild alone.

76.

Soe Synon did the Trojan State confound,  
 Soe Gilded Tombs are full of rotten Earth,  
 Soe Crocadills although they Weepe they Wound,  
 Soe Panthers circumvent with their sweet Breath  
 Soe Syrens though they sing, their Tunes are Death;  
 And yett as Fish bite most at Hony Baits,  
 Even soe are Men most caught with sweet Conceits

77.

Therefore be pleas'd to heare a plaine Discourse  
 Suspect the Tongue that still tun'd to the Eare,  
 Faire Truth is not for Nakednes the worse,  
 But Falsehood many Ornaments must weare,  
 Least all her foule Deformityes appeare,  
 Which Art can flourishe over fitt for Court,  
 Whilst simple Truth to Deserts doth resort.

78.

And this is that great Sea of Misery  
 In which the greatest Monarchs most are drown'd:  
 That they are seldome free from Flattery,  
 Pretences being colourable fown'd  
 To sooth that Humour that doth most abound;  
 And soe the Prince runns on from ill to worse,  
 And still's perswaded best of his bad Course.

79. Wherby

79.

Whereby the Dainger on himselfe doth fall,  
The Gaine unto the *Favorite* accrewes,  
For grieved *Subject* being wrong'd with all;  
Forgetting Dewty impiously pursues  
Meanes of *Revenge*, whence Dainger oft ensues ;  
Meane while the Man that feed the Humor soe,  
Falls off perhaps, and scapes the comeing Blowe.

80.

Therefore lett Kings preferr them that are plaine,  
And make such Great as doe not Greatnes feare,  
Such serve their *Lords* for Love and not for Gaine,  
Theyre *Jewells* of the Heart not of the Eare,  
They will discover Dangers that are nere ;  
When oyled Tongues will stiill make all secure,  
And carles Greatnes ever stands unsure.

81.

But why should I give Rules when I keepe none ?  
Why should I teach and never could obey ?  
Onely for this, where I was overthrownne  
Others may looke least they be cast away :  
And they that make this use, thrise Happy they,  
Because by others wracks themselves may read  
How to prevent their owne Mishapps with heed.

82.

Sooth'd thus in Sinn, all Goodness was forgotton,  
My *Father's Wordes* of noe Esteeme were growne ,  
And I that scarce seem'd Ripe, was straight fownd Rot-  
Like Fruite that is from Tree untimely Blowne ;<sup>(ton,</sup>  
But that took Roote which *Gavestone* had sowne,  
And sprowted soe that it did Seede at last ;  
*Soe worthles Weeds, we say, doe grow too fast.*

83. For,

83.

For at the first I was ashamed to Sinn,  
 But Sinn did say, my greatest Sinn was Shame,  
 Then by degrees I did delight therein,  
 And from delight I did desire the same,  
 And my desires soe prosperously did Frame,  
 That now I could with Gavestone corrise,  
*See doth the Bramble with the Thistle strive.*

84.

Which when my aged Father did perceave,  
 With many Tears (the Messingers of Moane)  
 He did bewayle Himselfe, that He should leave,  
 His Crowne to me, and me to Gavestone :  
 I in my Sonne (saith he) am overhowne,  
 My Blif, my Bane, my Peace procures my Strife,  
*First Edward dyes in Second Edward's Life.*

85.

To be a Father was mine onely Joy,  
 And now my Greife it is to be a Father ;  
 Why should my sollace turne to mine annoy,  
 Why planted I Hearts Ease, and Rue must gather  
 As I did sow, I shou'd have reaped rather ;  
 My hopefull Harvest proves but Thistles Weeds,  
 And for the Bloud I gave my Heart now Bleeds.

86.

For oh ! how nere a touch doth Nature give,  
 How searching are the sufferings of our Bloud,  
 How much the Fathers Soule doth joy or grieve,  
 When he doth see his Issue bad or good,  
 Is hard of any to be understood,  
 Except of those whose feeling Bowels find  
 What deepe Impressions doe proceed from kind.

87. Wife

87.

Wise was the Prince, whoe playing with his Sonne,  
 And teaching him to ride uppon a Reede ;  
 To whome a great Ambassador did come,  
 And seem'd to Blush at his soe Childish deed ;  
 Doe not (quoth hee) to Judgment yett proceed,  
 I onely crave a Respite of thy Doome  
 Till thou thy self art Father of a Sonne.

88.

Inferring that there is a secrett Love,  
 Which untutcht parts can hardly comprehend,  
 Would God the same reciprocall might prove,  
 Oh that kind Nature would sometimes ascend :  
 Fathers too oft by indulgence offend,  
 But Sonns more oft in Duty prove defective,  
 Theise wayward Times are growne soe unrespective.

89.

Nature soe wrought that *Croesus Sonn* cry'd out,  
 Who from his Birth before had ne're spoke Word,  
 When he did see a Soldier goe about  
 To kill the King his Father with his Sword.  
 Could Nature then such Presedents afford !  
 Was she soe powerful now unjoynted soe ! (woe !  
 That Sonns themselves now worcke their Fathers

90.

But, foolish Man, why doe I blame my Sonn,  
 Whose the unknowing Years by ill advice  
 Being led away a Dangerous Course doe run,  
 For Youthes hot Blood forgett Old Ages Ice,  
 And whilst his Hand is in, doth throw the Dice,  
 Att all that pleasure settts, and thinks to gaine,  
 If with the Dye he can discharge the Maine.

91. Sweet

91.

Sweet Nedd, I blame not the but *Gavestone*,  
 For he it is that sitteth at the Helme,  
 And steeres the Sterne, as he pleases thou art blowne  
 Nor will he leave till he doth overhelme  
 In deepest Gulfe thy selfe and all thy Realme;  
 For stirring Spiritts doe troubled Streames desir,  
 And then thrive best when all is sett on Fyer.

92,

Observe those *wasted States* that doe declyne,  
 How apt they are for innovation,  
 How much they doe gainst Publick Good repyne,  
 And hopefully expect an Alteration ;  
 That whilst things are unsettled, out of Fashion,  
 They may close up the Wounds they had before,  
 And by that Meanes their private Wants restore.

93.

Therefore lett those that have a grounded State  
 And may live well, joyne close in any Cafe,  
 Against all such as seeke to Innovate,  
 If not in Dutie, yet in good Advice,  
 To keep such downe as hope perhaps to rise  
 Upon their Ruynes, whose Revenewes may  
 Cutt short their Lives, but prove the Spoylers P

94.

And with these Lincks such Spiritts as would ry  
 But are by former Great Ones still supprest,  
 And such doe *dangerous Stratagems* devise,  
 Nor will their eager Hopes afford them Rest,  
 But mount they must, whoever be deprest ;  
 And little doe they Fear the Stats Confusion,  
 Soe they thereby to Greatnes make Intrusion.

95. A

95.

And to this end they are obsequious still,  
 They sooth, they fawne, they feeme officious,  
 They fitt themselves to their great Master's will  
 Be it good or badd, just, or Injurious,  
 They serve even turnes base and Luxurious:  
 But I'le provide a wholesome Metridate  
 Soe to prevent theise Poysons of the State.

96.

And firmly settled in this Resolution,  
 By strict command was *Gaveston* exil'd  
 I begg'd of him to stopp the Execution,  
 But then my Father shooke his Head and smil'd;  
 Oh! Nedd (*saih be*) How much thou art beguil'd,  
 To foster that which will thy downfall bee,  
 And warne the Snake that will envenome thee!

97.

I wisht my self an *Echo* at that word,  
 That I might then have boldly answered thee,  
 For never was there sharpest Edged Sword  
 That wounded more then that same wounded me;  
 But goe he must, soe was the *King's Decree*.  
 And when he went then dyde my bloudless Heart,  
 Soe doth the Body from the Soule depart.

98.

The former Tymes have held it good advise  
 That some Offenders shoulde abjure the *Land*,  
 But 'tis a Course both dangerous and unwise,  
 And with no rules of *Regiment* can stand,  
 For if the matter be with *Judgment Scand*,  
 It will appeare to Men considerate  
 That abjuration hurts the Prince and State.

D

99. I

99.

I doe not meane of Men that are not just,  
 For who respects the humming of the Gnatt,  
 Such Attomys may wander where they lust,  
 Their muddy Pates can neither Frame nor Plott,  
 Nor feeble Hands worck danger to the State ;  
 Let Men of Marke, be Markt and wary heed  
 Be had of them that may disturbance breed.

100.

And 'tis not safe to Banish such an one,  
 As may finde means to worck his owne retorne,  
 Soe Bullinbrooke stept into Richard's Throane,  
 And gave him leasure afterwards to Mourne  
 His Foolishe Fault, such Medicines may Adorne  
 The present Payne a while, but makes the Sore  
 To ranckle faster then it did before.

101.

*Mild Druggs* may stirr the *Humours* that abound,  
 But will not quite expell the growing Ill,  
 The Roote and Body both remayning sound,  
 Although the Tree be lopt yet thrives it still,  
 But when thou hast the Ax to use at will,  
 Strike at the Roote and fell it to the Ground,  
 Rather then pare the Bowes and Branches round.

102.

For 'tis lost Labour to begin with them,  
 They needs must wither if the other Dye,  
 And doe not feare though vulgar breath condemne  
 Thy Carriage in such Courses, whose weake Eye  
 Lookes at the present onely, and thereby  
 Values the rest, doe thou make Good thy End,  
 The common sort will ever be thy Freind.

103. Wif.

103.

*Wise Longshanks, (yet in this thou wert not Wise)*  
 If thou hadst tooke the Head of Gavestone,  
 Those subsequent Disasters that did rise  
 From him, had been prevented everie one ;  
 Thy Sonne had not bene sholdred from his Throane,  
 Thy Peeres not slayne nor Realme to ruine brought,  
 But see God's worcks till all his will be wrought.

104.

*My Gavestone thus drawnen into Exile,*  
 My selfe committed like a Captive Thrall ;  
 (For soe my Father kept me short a while)  
 With bitter Curses I did blame them all,  
 Drunk my Teares and Fedd upon my Gall ;  
 I chat and storm'd, yet could I not prevaile,  
 Needs must will be, faine would, doth often faire.

105.

Then were my Colours turn'd to mournfull Black,  
 I did put on the Livery then of Care,  
 Like to the hopeless Seaman in a Wrack,  
 That sees the greedy Waves devour his share,  
 Nor otherwise did thoughtfull Edward Fare ;  
 Him whome Remembrance in my Soul did plant,  
 His Lott my Losse, his Woe my Pleasures want.

106.

The chieffest Cordial of my grieved Soule,  
 The one and only Period of my Paine  
 Was this, that Death admitting noe controule,  
 Would end my Father's Life, his Life his Raigne,  
 And then thought I, Ned will have Peirce again ;  
 When England's Crowne shall make a Jove of mee,  
 Then Gavestone my Ganimede shall bee.

D 2

107. And

107.

And as I hope so had my hope Successe,  
 For shortly after dy'de my noble Syre ;  
 Whilst he prepar'd the Scotts for to supprese,  
 Loe now (quoth I) I have my Hearts Desire ;  
*Longshanks* is Dead, his Water, Ayre, and Fyer,  
 Are turn'd to Earth, and Earthly might he bee  
 That on the Earth did keep the Crowne from mee.

108.

Yet in that fadd dismayfull Hower of Dying,  
 Noe greife did him more feelingly distresse,  
 Then that his *Vitios Sonnes* (all vertues flying)  
 Should ruine that by Ryott and Excesse,  
 Which he had built with soe great Carefullnes:  
 And therefore for to weane me from such Sinns  
 These well tun'd Noats this *Dying Swan* begins.

109.

" My Sonne (quoth he) for in that Name of Zeale  
 " My words may prove of more effectual Power,  
 " Why shouldest thou soe with thy Sick Father dealt,  
 " As to torment him in his parting Hower,  
 " Whose Life hath had his Potion full of Sower?  
 " And yett to make my Measure fuller still  
 " My Sonne doth daily add unto my Ill.

110.

" I know what 'tis by many driftfull meanes,  
 " To keepe the *Crowne* upright upon the Head,  
 " I know the Troublous Sleepes and *Frightfull Dreames*  
 " That Hover still about a *Princely Bedd*,  
 " The *Worme* of Greatnes (*Jealousy*) is bredd  
 " Out of it selfe, yet this I know withall,  
 " Our powerfull Sway, doth sweeten all our Gall.

111. But

## III.

" But for thy selfe and for thy Heart-breake griefe,  
 That out of thy Sinn shipwrackt Youth doth growe,  
 Noe Circumstance yeilds Colour or Relief,  
 The Cause excuseles, lymittles the Woe,  
 That doth from thy full Sea of Follyes flow:  
 For fowlest fawlt proceed from Powerfull Ill,  
 And Subjects sort themselves to Princes still.

## 112.

" Thou dost not onely by thy vicious liveing  
 Bereave thy Soule that Blisse which Vertue wians  
 But also by thy ill example giveinge,  
 Thou dost excite weake Minds unto like Sins,  
 For certainly the Subiect ever Swims  
 Just with the Stremme, soe growing like to thee  
 A general Deluge of all Sinn will bee.

## 113.

" Much better had it bene thou hadst not bene,  
 Then that thy being should soe ruine all,  
 Oh wherefore was thy Birth. Daie ever seene,  
 If by thy Life the State it selfe doth fall, (doth call,  
 To those fowle Sinns which Wrath from Heaven  
 By whose just Dooms such States confounded are  
 By Torraine Fury or Domestick Warr.

## 114.

" For when the Seede of Sinn to Ripenes growes,  
 Then Justice with a Cythe doth Mow it downe,  
 This, this is it that Kingdomes overthrowes,  
 Layes wast the Feilds, unpeoples everie Towne,  
 Or if not soe disorders yet the Crowne;  
 And though it prove noe general Desolation  
 Yet many daingers followe innovation.

115,

- " When my Heaven-seeking-Soule shall leave her I  
 " And this my Fleshe clos'd in a House of Clay,  
 " Then will my shame survive me in thy Sinn,  
 " And Babes unborene will blame my Birth and say,  
 " His wretched Life gave life to our decay,  
 " And had noe other Ill by him bene donn  
 " He Sinn'd too much in getting such a Sonne.

116.

- " Did I for this indure the Dust and Sunne,  
 " Dislodge at Midnight, march at Midday Heat,  
 " Were Turkishe, French, and Scottishe Trophies wonn,  
 " Was all my care imploid to make thee Great,  
 " That Sinn might dispossesse thee of thy State?  
 " Oh then I see that Greatnes soone is gone  
 " When God drawes not the Plott Man builds upon

117.

- " And my Divining-Soule doth sadly see  
 " Thy Ruine in thy Ryott, (Oh my Nedd!)  
 " When I am gone a King then shalt thou bee,  
 " But if thou still beest with thy Passions ledd,  
 " Thou wilt not keepe thy Crowne uppon thy Head  
 " My Soule now parting from her Earthly Cage  
 " Foretells thee soe in her Prophetick Rage.

118.

- " Well Sonne I feele my Faltring Tonuge doth fail,  
 " Therefore this short Abridgment I doe make;  
 " Feare God, Love Vertue, let the right prevale,  
 " Shunn Suddain Courses, Parasites forsake,  
 " Disfavour not thy Peeres, their Councells take,  
 " In thy Diffyness revoke not Garuestone,  
 " For he will prove the Rancker of thy Threane.

119. Pen

## 119.

" Persue those *Scottishe Warrs* I have in Hand,  
 " And for because my Soule did make a Vow,  
 " Unto my God to serve in *Holy Land* ;  
 " From which this Sickness interdi&s me now,  
 " Tho' Death disable me, yet doe it thou;  
 " Embowell me, and thither bear my Heart,  
 " That I therein att least may take some Part.

## 120.

" And now, my *Lords* (speaking unto his Peeres)  
 " Whose Wealth and Greatnes I have much increast,  
 " Be Fathers unto my Sonns untutur'd Yeares,  
 " Love him for me, though *Longshanks* be deceast,  
 " Let' *Gavestons* Exile not be releast,  
 " Leste his Appeal occasion Civil Strife.  
 " And soe First Edward ends both Speech and Life.

## 121.

Thus *Death*, that *Herald*, that even *Kings* doth  
 The *Pursevant* that doth attach great *Peeres*, (summon  
 The *Citty Serjant*, whose *Arrest* is common,  
 The *Errant Bayliffe* then on *Proffesse* beares,  
 And no place bounds but *serves* it in all *Sheares*,  
 The general *Surveior* of each one,  
 Did bring my Father to his *Longest Home*.

## 122.

Whose *Obsequies* with many *Honnors* donn,  
 Then was I Crown'd, methought the Sunn did daunce,  
 Methought faire *Themes* with Silver Streames did runn,  
 Methought the *Starrs* did all applause the Chaunce  
 That did my *State* unto a *Crowne* advance ;  
 Smile *Starrs*, daunce Sonne, and River runn with  
 Cornwallian Edward is a God on Earth. (Mirthe

123. But

123.

But all the *Starrs* to Blazing Commetts turn'd,  
 Whose sadd uprise presag'd my dreary Fate;  
 The *Rivers* seem'd as if they Wept and Mourn'd,  
 The Sunn did never shine uppon my State,  
*Starrs, Streames, and Sunne* saw me unfortunate;  
 Disastrous Man, soe Borne to suffer Wrack  
 As is the *Ethiope* to be allwaires Black.

124.

Observe the Man whome Fates have stood to greife,  
 See how the Wretch that's destin'd fortunes Eoe,  
 Wil be a Rubb to turne away Releife,  
 Even from himselfe and weave his ownewrought woe,  
 Harme after him, he after harme shall goe;  
 Forespoken Man, and never but succesles,  
 Himselfe his Heart, and yett his Heart redresles.

125.

Nay even those very meanes that he shall use,  
 In good discretion to prevent the Clapp,  
 Shal be retorted unto his abuse,  
 And serve for Pulleyes of his owne mishapp,  
 Even though he see ha shall not shunn the Trapp;  
 And if his Ruine were not Ripe before,  
 His own Designes shall hasten it the more.

126.

The Kinge of *Epire* fearing Death at Home,  
 Forewarn'd thereof by former Prophesy,  
 To *Italy* (forsooth) must needs be gone,  
 Soe to prevent his Fate by Policy,  
 But still hee's followed by his Destiny;  
 In *Italy* he finds an *Acheron*,  
 The fatall Floud from which he would be gone.

127. Fourt

127.

Fourth Henry was by some Blind Bard foretold,  
That he should never Dye till he had seene  
*Jerusalem*, Fourth Henry will be Old,  
*Jerusalem* for him shall be unseene,  
Noe he shall see it when he doth least meene,  
Falls Sick at Prayer's, and by religious Men  
Is straight convai'd unto *Jerusalem*.

128.

For soe the place was call'd where he was laid,  
And shortly after dy'd the *Noble King*:  
In vaine Men strive, the Heavens wil be obayd,  
Wee may foreknow, but not prevent a thinge,  
Our selves will never cease till wee doe bring  
Our *Fates* to full effect, and all wee doe  
Shall be but *Lynes* to lead us thereunto.

129.

For first I did those *Councillors* remove,  
That in my Father's Raigne had borne most sway,  
Whereby I did disarme me of their Love,  
To Practices and discontents made way,  
Expos'd my selfe to *Envuy*, open lay,  
To Disadvantage wanting their Advise  
Whome long Implyments had made deeply Wise.

130.

Besides, I did the *Publick State* some wronge,  
Soe to cast off those grounded *Polliticians*,  
Who knew to governe, by comaunding long,  
Had seene and well observ'd Mens Dispositions,  
And soe could tell, when, where, how impositions  
Were to be rais'd, how to avoid offence,  
How to gaine *Men*, and *Ends* with faire pretence.

131. Who

131.

Who likewise knew how other Kingdome stood,  
 The Concordances of each Neighbouring State ;  
 How Realmes best correspond for either's good,  
 How to make Leagues, how to negotiate,  
 When to break off, when to Incorporate  
 How farr remote, and neere confyners too,  
 Are to be weighed, as they have Meanes to doe.

132.

'Tis not the Practice of a Day or twaine,  
 'Tis not the Schoole or Sophisters Debat ,  
 'Tis not the Foame of everie Worcking-Braine,  
 'Tis not a Start into a Neighbouring State  
 That worcks Men fitt to beare a Kingdome's weight ;  
 When Men are full made up, employ them then,  
 For 'tis an Art of Arts to govern Men.

133.

Therefore I hold it for a certaine Grownd,  
 Which new made Princes must not violate,  
 Except they will the Common-Wealth confound,  
 Not to discharge the Men that know the State,  
 Whose long Experience doth Ingenerate  
 A true and perfect Method to Command,  
 Both for the Princes good, and for the Land.

134.

Besides this Fault, scarce settled in my Seate,  
 I straight recal'd exiled Gavestone ;  
 Who by my many Favours grew so great,  
 That I did seem to live for him alone,  
 I Allexander, he Hephestion.  
 Oh ! Noe ! I wrong them to usurpe their Names,  
 Our Loves were like, but farr unlike our Fames.

135. Here

135.

Here did I violate my Father's Will,  
And all respects of Duty did despise :  
To wrong the Dead is sacrilegious ill,  
A Clogg that allwaies at the Conscience lyes,  
And att the latest Gaspe, for Vengance cryes :  
And (Oh !) the Feares and Doubts lurck close within  
That restles Soule, that's guilty of such Sinn.

136.

When all his Joynts are rackt with dying Paine,  
With cold Dead-Sweat, all covered over quite,  
What thorney Thoughts will then distract his Braine,  
How shall he dare t' approache his Father's sight,  
Whose dying Words he liveing sett soe light ?  
He feare his Freinds, suspect his Wife and Sonne,  
And Sighing thinke, thei'le doe as I have done.

137.

It is too common to betray the Trust  
That by Testators is in Friends repos'd,  
But marke God's Judgements how severe, how just,  
How to the Nature of the Sinn dispos'd,  
Even I my selfe was by my Sonn depos'd ;  
that infring'd my dying Father's best  
Was in my Life by my own Sonn distrest.

138.

Mee that had wrong'd a Syre, a Sonn did wronge,  
that did shewe my selfe degenerate,  
as I had Sowne so did I Reape e're longe,  
such Sin it is our Faith to Violate.

Oh! deepest Doome of all-foresEEing-Fate,  
how wisely are thy fearfull Judgements fitted  
to punnishe Sinn as Sinn was first committed.

139. The

139.

The Gyants heapt up Hills to clyme the Skye,  
 I Honours heapt that Gavestone might clyme :  
 They did contend with Foe and fell thereby,  
 He with my Peeres, and perished in his Prime ;  
 They thriv'd at first, but fell in after Time :  
 His Prologue sweete, but sad was his last Act,  
 Soe fariest Glasse (Men say) is soonest crackt.

140.

These were the Honeurs that he did attaine,  
 The Earle of Cornwall, and the Lord of Mann,  
 Cheife Secretary, Lord great Chamberlaine ;  
 And for his Wife he Gloster's Sister wann.  
 Aspyring Man ! see how great Monarchs can (voun  
 Advance their States, whome they doe please to f.  
 Who serves the King, doth seldom lose his labour.

141.

Though Poetts Fictions seeme to savour much  
 Of idle Errors, yet they have their Sence ;  
 King Midas turn'd to Gold all he did touch ;  
 The Morall this, the Favour of a Prince,  
 His gracious Touch may guild without offence,  
 The greatest Wants and make him for to soare  
 The lofty Pitch, that did but creepe before.

142.

Not all the painful passages one spends  
 In serious Contemplation of deep Arts,  
 Nor any one Imployment soe commends,  
 The Agent (though a Man of rarest Parts)  
 As when the Prince but one sweet Smile imparts  
 One looke of Love, one Eye-glance of Delight,  
 Have Power to change darke Clouds, to Sonn me  
 bright.

143. T.

143.

The Eyes of Kings are more then simple Eyes,  
 They are the Starres that do predominate  
 Th Affaires of Men, and in their Influence lyes  
 The good or badd of everie ones Estate ;  
 They are the Primum Mobile of Fate,  
 They whirle about our Fortunes as they list ,  
 And as they favour, we are curst or blest.

144.

A King's smooth Brow is the true dwelling place  
 Of Honour, Wealth, Dependancy, Respect ;  
 And in his Wrinkled Forehead lives Disgrace,  
 Death, Exile, Want, a general Neglect,  
 A world of ill lett that Wretch expect.  
 Bee it all Rivers to the Sea must runn,  
 And everie Light receave Light from the Sunn.

145.

Lett them be Great whom Kings resolve to grace,  
 It is a Previledge that is their owne,  
 To raise such as they please to Wealth or Place  
 Is truly proper to the Princely Throane,  
 And hath not bene denyde to any one.  
 Lewes of Fraunce did say he spent his Raigne  
 In Making and in Marring Men againe.

146.

Some by the Schoole, some by the Lawes doe mount,  
 Some by the Sword, and some by Navigation :  
 All Streames have Heads, though not the self-same  
 Shall onely Kings admitt a Limittation, (Fount,  
 How High, for what Desert, or what Nation  
 They shall advance, it were a wretched thing  
 On that Condition to become a Kinge.

E

147 T.

147.

To make new *Creatures* is the Prince's due,  
 And without murmure lett him have his owne,  
 The Danger onely is to him that's new,  
 For Envey ever waits on such an one,  
 Both from those Men that are not soe well growne,  
 And from great Howses too who straight will feare  
 Least such new *Starrs* should thrust them from their

148.

(span.)

For they that once have gott the highest Staine  
 Will keep them down that mount with too much haft,  
 It's best (some say) to rye but soft and fayre  
 If thou would'st gaine thy Journey's end at last,  
 Try not thy meanes by postng over fast ;  
 Stirr like a *Dyall* unperceiv'd to move,  
 Soe shalt thou gather *Streng: h* and purchase *Love*.

149.

And therefore they that found a *Family*  
 Must gather Wealth, live under their Estates,  
 Make great Pretences of Humility,  
 Ally themselves with strong *Confederats*,  
 Serve Great Mens *Turres*, so to avoid their *Hates* ;  
 For *Cerberus* with Hony Sopps was pleas'd,  
 And *Malice* must with *Mildnes* be appeas'd.

150.

Then lett it be his Worke that next succeeds,  
 To rayse himself unto a greater height  
 By *Home-Imployments*, or by *Martiall Deeds*,  
 Or by unloading some of that ritch Fraight  
 Which he hath stor'd perhaps with that conceit,  
 Which he much better than the first may doe,  
 Whose meanes he hath and adds his owne thereto.

151. Not

151.

Nor shall wee find such eager Opposition,  
Tyme having worne out all his Father's Foes,  
Or els perhaps altered their Disposition  
By Guifts, by Favours, by obsequious Shewes,  
Or ells perchaunce for feare of future Blowes :  
And soe some few Discents from Heire to Heire  
The Newnes of the Howse will varnishe faire.

152.

Where suddaine Greatnes ruyn'd *Gauifone*,  
Whome I too much preferr'd before my *Peeres*,  
Who did possesse me more then any one,  
From whence grew many *Jelousies* and *Feares*,  
*Cloſe Discontentment*, which at first appeares  
Of little moment, worthles of respect,  
But prov'd such Scarrs as we did leaſt expeſt.

153.

Yet 'tis the Praise and Blessinge of the *Sunne*,  
To make his *Heate* and *Light* both generall ;  
*Princes* are *Sunns*, and both must freely runn  
An open Course, and not be severall  
Unto some fewe, but common unto all :  
The poorest he that breathes this Song may sing,  
We all have Interest in the *Ayre* and *Kinge*.

154.

And this too much did speake my Passion,  
Who like pure Water should have had no *Tast* ;  
This Error did my Government misfashion,  
That *Gauifone* unworthily was grac'd  
And made too high a Monster, great and vast,  
Who in his growth being unproportionall,  
Became offensive to *himſelf* and *all*.

E 2

155. My

155.

My Selfe, my Courte, my Realme was rul'd by him;  
 That neither knew to rule nor to obey ;  
 I car'd not though my Peeres did sinke or swim,  
 Nor what my other Councillors did say,  
 For he did steer my Compasse Night and Day :  
 Whilst I being sunck in Sinne and drown'd in Lust,  
 Had allmost wrackt the Realme with such a Gust.

156.

The Court within my Father's Life-time seem'd  
 A Senate House of Silver-Headed Sages,  
 Might now a pompous Theater be deem'd,  
 Pester'd with Panders, Players and with Pages,  
 Of my ensuing Fall too true Presages :  
 And yett in Shew it seemed fairer far,  
 So Commetts glister more then any Starr.

157.

But (Oh) the Quiett of that happy Land,  
 Where aged Nestors bear the chiefest sway,  
 Where strength of Mind rules more then force of Hand,  
 Where Old Men bidd and Young Men doe obey,  
 Where Ages Winter guideth Youthes sweete May.  
 But when the Foote or Hand comaunds the Head,  
 The Body then is many waies misled.

158.

Lett Silver Haires and long experienc'd Age  
 Be sole Directors of each Enterprize,  
 Lett Youth be as an Actor on a Stage,  
 To execute what stayder Heads devise ;  
 For Youth is active, Age discrete and wise :  
 Youth is more daring, but precipitate ;  
 Age more judicial and considerate.

159. Yett

159.

Yett should not *Statesmen* be too aged Men,  
 For over Year'd, their Spirits much decay  
 They earthly grow and melancholy then,  
 Heavy and Dull, their Edge being worne away,  
 Wayward and tachy, wandring all the Day :  
 Full of Morosity, and which is worse,  
 Extreamly given to gripe, and fill the Purse.

160.

Besides wee see some Men are ripe betimes,  
 Like Summer Fruite, soone pleasing to the tast,  
 And if those Spirits in whome such Vertue shines  
 May be with Greatnes and Imployment grac'd,  
 They come to full Maturity at last,  
 Men of exceeding Worth are fully growne,  
 Both for their Contries good, and for their owne.

161.

But to my Selfe who did neglect my *Peeres*,  
 And onely did devote my Selfe to Pleasure,  
 Lov'd I? Love it selfe loves youthful Yeares,  
 Spent I? Kings should not be Slaves to Treasure  
 Heard I not Subje&ts Suits, I had noe leasure  
 Did I forbear my *Peeres* converse? What then?  
*Love* is not tyde to sort Himselue with Men.

162.

When they did say that *Scottishe Bruce* did burne  
 My *Northerne Borders*, and did wast the same ;  
 Then sithing I to *Gavestone* did turne  
 And say *Sweete Peirce* my Selfe feeles Fancies flame,  
 I saw, I love, I dy for such a Dame :  
 Cupid I feare, a *Bruce* to me will prove,  
 My Holds by him, my Heart is fired with Love.

E 3

163. Which.

163

With theise and many more fantastick Toyes,  
 I shifted off my Councell when they came,  
 I have not Time enough to spend in Joyes,  
 Why should I spend one Minute from the same?  
 Lett them that list by Warrs goe hunt for Fame,  
 I force it not, give me those pleasing Warrs,  
 Where Blowes are given, but never Cause noe scars.

164.

But when a Feild is to a Feild Bedd turn'd,  
 When Eyes like sharpest Launces peirce, yet please,  
 Whens morous Hearts with equal Flames are burn'd,  
 When Foes sinck downe our Furies to appease,  
 And Lipps on Lipps redouble Blowes of ease,  
 When brave Assaults are not by Death controul'd,  
 In such a Band who would not be inroul'd?

165.

*The Roman Monster Heliogabalus,*  
 And *Persian Xerxes*, never fortunate,  
 Might well be thought to Live againe in us,  
 We priz'd our Pleasures at soe high a Rate ;  
 Such was our fadd and still successeles Fate,  
 In Peace our Faults procured our decay,  
 In Warr our Fortunes made us runn away.

166

The luckles Battailles fought while I did raigne,  
 With *Robert Bruce*, that Noble English Scott  
 Sadd Monuments unto the World remaine,  
 That vicious Life with Monarchs thriveth not,  
 For Sinn and Shame are ty'd in *Gordians Knott*,  
 And those Designes doe prove successeles quite,  
 That are contriv'd in Men drown'd in Delight.

167. Marke

167.

Marke but the Mapps of all Antiquity,  
True Registers, unfalsify'd Records,  
The Voyce of Tyme, which we call History;  
And 'twill be fownd that everie Age affords  
Plenty of Proffes to fortyfy my words:  
Each Leafe, each Lyne doe pregnant Wittnes beare,  
Who Ryot most, to Ruyne are most neare.

168.

When Sinn did overflowe the *Deluge* came,  
Th' *Affrians* then did loose their Monarchy,  
When their last King did live most out of frame,  
And was o'erwhelm'd with Sensuality,  
The *Perians* then did wrack their Emperie,  
When wealth and ease and lust did most abound,  
Which allsoe did the *Romane* State confound.

169.

The *Danes* did first sett footing in this Land,  
Because Lord *Buerus* Wife was ravisht here;  
The *Saxon* Forces gott the upperhand,  
When *Vortigern* held *Hengifts* Daughter deere,  
And still our Realme to ruine hath bene nere,  
When ripened Sinn hath gathered strongest head:  
Soe Stall-fed Steeres are to the Shambles led.

170.

This *Edward* said, and this our Age hath seene,  
Lyke instance of a nere confyning State,  
Never was *Fraunce* more deadly sick of Sinn,  
Never was Goodnes growne more out of date,  
Never did Princes more preposterate  
Their private Lives and publique regiment,  
And as they Liv'd, soe Dy'd, impenitent.

171. Never

171.

Never Religion serv'd for more pretences,  
 Never were Nobles more ambitious,  
 Never like Inundations of Offences,  
 Never were Churchmen lesse Religious,  
 Never were Commons more seditious,  
 Such plotting, counter plotting Pollicy,  
 Such Massacres, such barbarous Cruelty.

172.

Such impious Courses, such Impunity,  
 Were never seene, lesse Blushing and more Shame,  
 Never had Sinn soe great imunity,  
 Never was ever all soe out of Frame,  
 As in the latter Times, till the fierce Flame,  
 Of Civill Fury and the Forraine Foe,  
 Had made poore Fraunce the Stage of tragique woe.

173.

And without doubt had not that Man of Men,  
 The mightie *Atlas* of the sincking State  
 Bene rais'd by God to give new Life, even then  
 That famous Kingdome of soe antient date,  
 By Home Ambition and by Forraine Hate,  
 Had breath'd her last, being Sinn Sick unto Death,  
 And much a doe there was to give her Breath.

174.

For still the Eye of Wrath doth overlooke  
 The wicked Actions of obdurate Men :  
 The Court of Heaven doth keepe a Tythinge Book  
 Wherein are entred all our Sinns, and when  
 Our Score is full, lett's looke for Payment then:  
 And Oh ! what Prince, what Common-wealthe can stand  
 When God doth scourge it with a rigorous Hand.

175. A

175.

And let us make this use of their nere wrack,  
 Forbeare to Sinn for feare of Punishment,  
~~God~~ is not Senseles though he seeme to slack,  
 He respites us in Hope wee will Repent ;  
 But use growes more the longer Debts are lent,  
 And ~~God~~ forbeares, and beares with our abuse,  
 That we might have less Colour of excuse,

176.

I could not chuse when I had yok'd my teame,  
 But make this furrowe to enrich my Field,  
 I now retorne to my intended *Theame*,  
 And *Edward* wishes that is Raigne might yeild ;  
 Fitt Precedents for Princes how to wield  
 That weighty Province which they doe sustaine,  
 And thus contynues his discourse again.

177.

When my cheife *Peeres* did see things mischanced,  
 And those Mischances did impute to Sinne,  
 My Sinn to *Him* whom I had so advanced,  
 To Banishe him they then againe beginne ;  
 And made my selfe to have a Hand therein,  
 Therefore my Feare compell'd me thereunto,  
 'Tis hard when *Princes* are inforc'd to doe.

178.

It is the cheifest Good of Kingly Raigne,  
 That it is free from base Compelling Feare,  
 And 'tis againe the Kingdomes cheifest bane,  
 Not to admitt Wise Councell to the Eare ;  
 Away with awe hold admonition deare,  
*Eares* figure should never meeete with *Kingly Eyes*,  
 But on the Backs of Flying Enemyes.

179.

179:

But the Faire Lovely Picture of *Advice*,  
 Should still be placed in a *Princes* sight,  
 Thrice happy King, that are both Stout and Wise,  
 You scorne Controule, but sett not Councell light;  
 Not Feare, but Vertue moves you to doe Right:  
 Y'are Kings indeede, and may securely rest,  
 Whilst Feares are Hatched in a Weaker Brest.

180.

*Te Solum Vereor* is a Princely Word,  
 Speaking to him that is *Lord Paramount*,  
 And Supreame *Princes* soe should beare the *Sword*;  
 As but to him they neede give noe Account;  
 Which they shall doe, if as they doe surmount  
 In Greatnes, soe in Goodnes they excell,  
 'Tis certaine he Rules all that Governes well.

181.

And now doth see but the selfe Governor,  
 That his owne private Passions can Commaund,  
 Which make a *Slave* even of an *Emperour*,  
 If once they growe to gett the upper Hand;  
 And soone deepe searching Spritts will understand,  
 And finde a *Prince* that's weake, and Ride him soe,  
 That he must Pace as they will have him goe.

182.

Wherfore my *Selfe* may be a Precedent,  
 Who was soe overawed by my *Peeres*,  
 That *Gavestone* was doom'd to banishment,  
 And now my *Soule* full fraught with greife and feares,  
 Was in her motions *Restles* like the *Spbeares*,  
 But not so fixt, now go he shoud, now shoud not,  
 soe *Weman* like, *I would*, and straight *I would not*.

183. Ye

183.

Yet ere he went (as goe he must and did,)  
Deare Prince (quoth he) wherein have I misdone,  
That I am banish'd thus! doth Edward bid  
His Poore, but yet his own Poore Peirce to shunn  
His gratiouse sight? must I from *England* runn?  
He bidds, I must, Farwell, yet thinke on mee,  
My Body goes, my Soule doth stay with thee.

184.

What were these Words to me but each a Wounde  
Whereat my very Life Blood gushed out, (drown'd)  
I would have spoke, but Words with Teares were  
Whilst giddy Passion whirld my Braine about;  
Confusedly I spake: O doe not Doubte,  
These Damned Peeres, it is not long of mee,  
Though Bodie staies, yet goes my Soul with thee.

185.

(Mourne,

Mourne not sweete Prince (saith he) O doe not  
Lett never Teares disgrace theise gracefull Eyes,  
Itt not enough that I am thus forborne?  
Must Cares from me as Cloudes from Sea arise?  
My Deare Deare Liedge lett it at last suffice,  
That still you have the better Part of mee,  
My Body they Command, my Soule is free.

186.

(my Hart,

Cease, Cease (my Peirce) thy Tongue doth Wound  
I greive to see, because I see thy Greife,  
Farwell, and yett methinke wee should not part,  
And yett we must; well, this be thy Reliefe;  
Thou bearest a Feild of Gold, a King in Chiefe,  
But be thou *Ireland's* Gouvernour for mee,  
Would thou might' st stay, or I might goe with thee.

187. At

187.

At parting thus with Wanton Griefe we play'd,  
 He went to Sea, and I to sorrowe went,  
 And yett my Lustfull Heat was not allay'd,  
 My Treasure that to *Gavestone* was sent ;  
 And was in Tryumphes mongst the *Irishe* spent,  
 Who seemed greater then he did before,  
 Soe Vines being cutt increase and thrive the more!

188.

And there my *Peeres* in true Judgement faile,  
 Soe to remove, not take him quite away,  
 Who once retorning needs must seeke to quale  
 The adverse Part that laboured his decay ;  
 Dead *Doggs* can neither Barke nor Byte (Men say)  
 But angry *Currs* more fiercely still returne,  
 And wronged Minds with greater fury Burne.

189

Better it is still to dissemble Hate,  
 Then first to enter into discontent,  
 And leave him great whom thou hast Edg'd of late,  
 Who haveing meanes and sharpned in intent,  
 May easely worck some Dangerous Event,  
 Ether strike not, or ells be sure strike soe,  
 That thou may neede to feare noe further Blowe.

190.

Besides they did the more exasperate,  
 By opposition my enraged yre,  
 And as for *Gavestone* whome they did hate,  
 They did inflame me with a greater fyre ;  
 His absence setting Edge on my desire,  
 For Princes kept from that they doe affect,  
 Doe hurry to their Ends without respect.

191. What

191.

Whatever stopps the Current of a *Streame*,  
 Is swept away with furious violence,  
 Force being effectles against a stronge extreame,  
 But if one will with Labour and Expence  
 Divert the *Course*, and turne the *Channell* thence,  
 'Tis possible that he in Tyme prevailes,  
 For *Art* doth compasse when *Resistance* failes.

192.

*Philosophers* do hold (and truly too)  
 That Lightning oft, the Sheath untouched, the Blade  
 Consumes ; the Reason why it doth soe doe,  
 Is, by the one there's small resistance made,  
 Being full of Poores, th'other hard to invade,  
 Doth sett it selfe against the Heavenly shott,  
 Which quick consumes because it pierceth not.

193.

I cannot fitt the awfull Wrath of *Kings*,  
 More properly then to this wondrous Fyre,  
 Which once inflamed, confounds resisting things,  
 Breaks up the bounds that lymitt their desire,  
 And by depressing downe still mounteth higher :  
 Whereas stronge *Passion* borne with *Patience*,  
 Spends on it selfe, and *Dyes* without offence.

194.

My Peeres soone saw which Way the Hare did runn,  
 And therefore gave consent to his repeale,  
 Not *Cæsar* when *Pharsalia*'s Feild he wonn,  
 Did Triumphe more then I when they did seale  
 And did Subscribe the Ruyne of our Weale :  
 Then all was Well, whilst all did well agree,  
 But all prov'd ill for all, and Worst to mee.

F

195. For

195.

For *Gavestone* after he did return,  
 Of all my former Favours once possest,  
 His full sail'd Fortune held my *Peeres* in scorne,  
 Nor could he any equall well digest ;  
 Oh ! Foolishe Man ; to swell above the rest !  
 When Bubbles fullest blowne doe soonest brea<sup>e</sup>,  
 And Trees are ever at the topp most weake.

196.

Content doth seate it self in *Lowly Dales*,  
 Out of the dynt of *Wind* and stormy *Showers*,  
 There sitt and sing melodious *Nightingales*, (Flowers;  
 There runn fresh cooling *Streames*, there spring sweet  
 There Heat and Cold are fenc't by shady *Bowers*,  
 There hath he *Wealls* at will, but this wee know,  
 That *Graffe* is short that on the Hill doth grow.

197.

Oh ! *Gavestone* ! why dost thou then Aspire  
 To be so Great, when *Greatnes* stands on *Ice* ?  
 If thou shouldest Slipp as now thy Pace is Higher,  
 Then will thy Fall be greater ; in a trice  
 Hees down that stands on *Pinnacles* ; be wise,  
 Stand Low, stand Safe, but (O) I speake in vain,  
 For Men will Mount, though sure to Stoope again.

198.

How *Gavestone* the third time banished,  
 Did live in *Dutch Land*, where he found noe Rest,  
 How he return'd ; how I as Famished,  
 Did Feede on him, as on some Dainty Feast ;  
 How ill my *Peeres* his Presence did digest,  
 I doe but touch it now, my Muse unfold,  
 How till his Fall, he bare it Proud and Bold.

199. Supp

199.

Suppose him Spleenfull, Melancholy, Madd,  
 And me in my Affections Passionate,  
 Thinke him Revengfull, thinke me doting madd,  
 Thinke how I Lov'd, and thinke how he did Hate ;  
 And thinke him then thus to expostulate,  
 Grieved with Precedent, fear'd by future Wrong,  
 Thus did the Syren tune his Banfull Song.

200.

" O King, Noe King, but Shadow of a King,  
 " Nay doe not Frowne, but heare me what I say,  
 " I speake in Zeale, though Fatally I Sing,  
 " Thou opest a Gapp unto thine owne decay,  
 " By suffring thy Proud Peeres to beare such Sway ;  
 " For looke how much they in their Height doe grow,  
 " Soe much thy Sunn declynes and goes more low.

201.

" Thy Waxinge is their Wayne, thy Ebbe their Tyde,  
 " When they are Strongest, thou art Weak and Faint,  
 " Turne everie Stone to quell their growing Pride,  
 " It fitts not Kings to brooke the lealt restraint ;  
 " Disgrace, Exile, Straight Durance, or Attaynt,  
 " Close Practises to bring them into Hate,  
 " These are the Meanes to reassur thy State.

202.

" Now thou art King in Shew but not in Deed,  
 " The Petty Pawnes doe check and mate thee too,  
 " All is revers'd that is by thee decreed,  
 " They doe injoyne thee what thou hast to doe,  
 " And what they will thou art compel'd unto ;  
 " But though thy Pleasure bend another way,  
 " Yett things must passe as they are pleas'd to sway.

F 2

203. They

203.

- “ They have *Allyes* to strengthen their Designeſ,
- “ They back themſelves with Strong *Confederats*,
- “ Their ſeeming Zeale the Vulgar undermyneſ,
- “ The wifer ſort for feare inſinuatſ,
- “ And ſoe they gaine Assurance of all Stats,
- “ Some by the glosſe of Faire Deportment, and
- “ Some by a Hard and over Awing Hand.

204.

- “ Besides they raise Men that are Populer,
- “ And by that meanes the Peoples Hearts they ſealeſ,
- “ Themſelves ſeeme juſt, their Courses regular,
- “ They make *Pretences* for the Common Weale,
- “ Of *Reformation*, of Religious Zeale ;
- “ And by their Colours that they doe pretend,
- “ They bring their *Complotts* to Succesfull End.

205.

- “ But more then this, the *Wealth* of all the Land
- “ Is in their *Hand* or elſe at their *Dispose*,
- “ Whereby they have an absolute Commaund
- “ Of many Lives, which are maintain'd by thoſe
- “ Great Bounties that from their Abundance floweſ:
- “ For they muſt needs remaine at their *Devotion*,
- “ Who have from them their *Being* and their *Motion*.

206.

- “ Theiſe are the close *Consumptions* of the State,
- “ Which by theiſe *Antidotes* thou maift reſtore,
- “ Be ſerv'd by ſuch as thou haſt raiſ'd of late,
- “ Advance new *Creatures* of noe Note before,
- “ And ſuch as will *Depende* on thee therefore ;
- “ For wanting *Meaneſ* except thou grace them ſtill,
- “ They muſt remayne obligeſ to thy Will.

207. “ Let

207.

" Lett them be Stirring Spritts of Ayre and Fire,  
 " Apt both to Make and to Maintain a Faction,  
 " Ambitious, Active, Hungry to Aspire,  
 " Not Fool'd with Feare, but apt for any Action,  
 " True to their Ends, but false in Faith and Passion;  
 " And such being grac'd and favoured by the Tyme.  
 " Will in despight of spightfull Fortune clyme.

208.

" Whose growth thy Peeres will mallice and detest,  
 " And seeke to stopp, which they not brooking well,  
 " Will nourish mutuall Hatred in their Brest, (swell),  
 " And Ranckerous Envey, then their Soules will  
 " From whence Revenge and Greedy Thirst to quell,  
 " The Adverſe Partie cannot but proceed,  
 " And sow Confusion to them all in deed.

209.

" Mean while thou underhand must feede the Flame,  
 " And Secretly give Heart to either Side,  
 " And which is Weakest leane thou to the same,  
 " Whereby thou shall Confounde the adverſe Pride ;  
 " And if thy Doubting chaunce to be espide,  
 " Maske it in open Quarrell, and be ſure  
 " To cut them off that may moft Hurt procure.

210.

" This Lesson was by Torquinn well exprefſt,  
 " When with his Wand he did behead thoſe Flowers  
 " That any way did over growe the reſt,  
 " As who ſhould ſay be Jealous of great Powers,  
 " And curt them downe whose State nere equallours ;  
 " For that ſame Throane is but a Slippery Seate,  
 " That ſuffers any to be over greate.

F 3

211. " Make

211.

- “ Make Penall Lawes to cutt of their Retainers,  
 “ Wrest from them all their Publique great Commaund,  
 “ Grace them in shew, but not to make them Gainer,  
 “ Keepe them aloofe, lett them not understand  
 “ The Passages of State at any hand,  
 “ Doe not committ thy Forces to their trust,  
 “ Least haveing minde th'ave Meanes to be unjust.

212.

(moved)

- “ Where 'ere they live, though they bee farrre  
 “ Yet lett them be Survey'd with Carefull Eye,  
 “ Such as are deare to them and nerely loved,  
 “ To whom their inward Thoughts most open ly  
 “ Winn them by Guifts and by Close Policy,  
 “ To serve thy Turne with true Intelligence,  
 “ Of any thing that may procure Offence.

213.

- “ If they Commaund doe thou not favour then,  
 “ Lett all Advancements be deriv'd from thee,  
 “ Soe shall thou weane from them the Hearts of Men  
 “ And they will onely thy Dependants bee ;  
 “ For there Men serve where they Preferment see.  
 “ Lastly, what Stratagem thou dost intend,  
 “ Let Showes of Vertue colour still the end.

214.

- “ Theise are the Baits to fishe for wisest Peeres,  
 “ The Younglings may be caught with easy Meanes,  
 “ Lett Syren Pleasure bane their Youthful Yeares,  
 “ Lett Lust, Expence, and Ryotous Extreames,  
 “ To which their Age by course of Nature leanes,  
 “ Lett Followers, Chainge of Bewtye, Pompous Pride  
 “ Infect their Minds and wrack their State beside.

215. Y

215.

" Yett if thou see a likely growing Plant,  
 " Whose spreading Branches may in time prove great,  
 " Lodge him at home, lett him Employment want;  
 " And fruitless wither in his native Seate;  
 " For Ease and Rest will chill his active Heate;  
 " And call'd in Pleasure of a Selfe-delight,  
 " Relinquish mounting Thoughts of Honour quite.

216.

" But if his Tempter soare so high a pitch  
 " As that his worcking Vertues must have vent,  
 " Ingage him in some Action, by the which  
 " His Harvest may be Death and Discontent,  
 " Yett make a shewe to grace his hardiment  
 " With highest Honours, and soe thrust him on  
 " To such Attempts as Death still waits uppon.

217.

" Which if he misse(as Heaven may blesse him soe)  
 " Yett will the managing of such Designes  
 " Afford fitt Matter for his Overthrow,  
 " If that his Fortune any way declynes;  
 " For commonly the vulgar sort repynes  
 " Against all Actions that do want successe,  
 " And in their Humours weigh the Agents leste.

218.

" And soe they lye more open to their Wrack  
 " When they have once incurr'd a common Hate;  
 " And then some faire Occasion cannot lack,  
 " Either by Death to cancell their Lives Date,  
 " Or at the least to weaken soe their State  
 " As that the Prince need feare noe further Harme  
 " That may proceede from their unjoynted Arme.

219. " And

219.

“ And having clear’d thy selfe of such, yet then,  
 “ That thou maist keepe thy Majesty and State,  
 “ Thou needs must entertaine some Noble Men,  
 “ But Froath, Bubbles, and full of idle Prate,  
 “ Who studly Fashions, know their Place, scarce that,  
 “ All whose sweete Worthes are fetcht from Great  
     “ Mens Tombs,  
 “ And they themselves leſſe worthy then their Groomes.

220.

“ Let them discourse of Kindred and Allies,  
 “ My Uncle, Lord, or Earle, or Duke, or soe,  
 “ Who liveing did this or that Enterprize ;  
 “ And tell how his great Grandsyre’s Horse did goe,  
 “ When he in Fraunce incountred with his Foe. (bee,  
 “ Grace these (sweete Prince) these thy Court Comme  
 “ And pray for them, they’le never prey on thee.

221.

“ Thus must thy Twiggs be lym’d, thy Netts display’d  
 “ To catch these Birds that soare up to the Sunn ;  
 “ And when those wise Fondations once are lay’d  
 “ (Tis allmost ended that is well begunn)  
 “ Then art thou King indeed, then haſt thou wonn  
 “ Unto thy ſelfe an Absolute Estate ;  
 “ Meanewhile thou liv’ſt but in a Golden Grate.

222.

Thus did this Hellish Fury cast the Ball  
 Of Discontent betwixt mee and my Peeres ;  
 Whose damned Councell, flowing from the Gall,  
 Fill’d them with Euryes, me with needles Feares,  
 And ſett us all together by the Eares :  
 For ſtraight to Armes they gott t’avenge this Wrong,  
 And vow’d his Head ſhould anſwere for his Tongue.

223.

223.

I wish'd the Trees were turn'd to *armed Troupes*,  
And all the *Boughes* were *Pikes* their Hearts to wound :  
All other *Birds* to'th Princely *Eagle* stoopes ;  
The *Lyon* roares, the *Beasts* shake at the Sownd ;  
Why should not I their dareing Pride confound  
That fawcily usurpe upon my *Right* ?  
But *Lyons* are not *Lyons*, wanting *Might*.

224.

But they did *strike* whilst that the *Steele* was *hott*,  
And still came on to seize upon the *Prey*.  
What should we doe ? Complain it booted not ;  
Goe leavy Men, our Men did disobey ;  
Sew for a *Truce*, they would not graunt a Day ;  
Submitt our selves, and soe some Pity crave ;  
Me hurt they would not, him they would not save.

225.

That *Prince* indeed is to be held most wise  
Who by his *Vertues* doth his *State* secure :  
But hee's a *Foole* that meanes to tyranize,  
And doth not seeke by *Forces* to assure  
His owne *Desigues*, for lett him be most sure,  
A *Prince* that's *weake*, and yet doth *Governe ill*,  
Is subje&t to a Thousand Dangers still.

226.

Nothing remain'd but *Flight*, and *fly* we did :  
Soe silly *Doves* before proud *Falcons* fly ;  
Till *Garfstone* in *Scarborough Castle* hidd,  
My *Pierce* surpriz'd, whome *Warwicks Earle Sir Guy*  
*Brauchampe*, Beheaded, soe my *Pierce* did dye :  
A *Gloomy Night* concluded his *Faire Morne*,  
And *Fortunes Minion* ended *Fortunes Scorne*.

Canto 2:

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## CANTO II.

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### The ARGUMENT.

*The Happiness that attends a Retired and Private Life; The Spencers succeed Gavestone, grow Proud and Ambitious, which Occasions the Discontent and Disaffection of the Nobility. A Famine and a Plague in England; A Counterfeit Edward which occasions a Disgression concerning Prophecy and Magick. Reasons for Kings Commanding their Armys in Person and Rewarding the Good Services of their Ministers. Mortimer's Familiarity with the Queen describ'd. The Barons rebell, the King gets the Victory and takes a great many of them who were Beheaded in several Parts of the Kingdom.*

## I.

O H! what is Honour but an Exhalation,  
A Fiery Meteor soone extin&t and gone,  
A Breath of People and the Tongues relation  
That straight is ended, when the Voice is done;  
A Morning Dewe dry'd up with Midday Sunn,  
A ceasing Swete like Danaes Golden Shower,  
Which both Began and Ended in an Hower.

## 2. There

2.

There breeds a little Beast by *Nilus Streames*,  
Which being Borne when *Phœbus* first doth rise,  
Growes Old when he refleets his hottest Beames,  
And when at Night to Westerne *Seas* he hyes,  
Then Life begins to faile and straight he Dyes ;  
Borne, Old, and Dead, and all but in a Day,  
Such Honnour is, soe soone it weares away.

3.

How much more Happy is that sweete *Estate*,  
That neither *creepes too Low* nor *soares too High*,  
Which yeilds no matter to *Contempt* or *Hate*,  
Which others not *Disdayne* nor yett *Envy*.  
Which neither does nor takes an Injury ;  
But liveing to it selfe in *Sweet Content*,  
Is neither *sordid* nor yett *insolent*.

4.

He lives indeed, and spends his course of *Tyme*  
In truest Pleasure, that his Life can yield,  
He hath sett *Houres* to *Pray*, at Even and *Pryme*,  
He walkes abrode into his quiett *Feilde*  
And studdyes how his Home-Affaires to wield,  
His *Soule* and *Body* make one *Common wealth*,  
His Councell cares to keepe them both in *Health*.

5.

He feares noe *Poyson* in his *Meats* or *Drincks*,  
He needs noe *Guard* to watch about his *Bedd*,  
Noe treacher undermines him what he thinks,  
Noe *Dangerous Projects* hammer in his *Head* ;  
He sitts and sees how *Things* are managed,  
And by observing what hath earst bene don,  
He levells oft how *Future things* will runn.

6. If

6.

If he would deale with *Kings* and *Mighty Men*,  
 He doth converse with them in *History* ;  
 If he would know the *Heavenly Motions*, then  
 He takes his *Globe*, he reads *Astronomy* ;  
 His *Maps* and *Cards* doe teach *Cosmography* ;  
 And whilst in his *Selfe-Cell* he studying stands,  
 In one short Houre he views both Sea and Lands.

7.

And tyr'd perhapps with the discovery,  
 Of Forraine Things, he comes more nearer Home,  
 He lookes into himselfe with curious Eye,  
 That little *World* that is indeed his owne,  
 He Travailles in, which being truly knowne,  
 Affords enough for *Wonder* and *Delight*,  
*When he hath Learn'd to know himselfe aright.*

8.

The Earle of *Cornewell* (*Cancer of the Warr*)  
 Thus being Dead, they laid their Weapons downe,  
 Protesting all they would not goe soe farr,  
 As to be thought Disloyall to the *Crowne* ;  
 But they did seeke the *Realms* and *my Renowne*,  
 Which was eclips'd in him whome they had slaine,  
 But *England's Sphere* would now grow cleare again.

9.

(Sphære)

Oh noe, Darke Clouds still Shaddowed *England*,  
 And bitter Stormes in Gloomy *Clouds* dependant,  
 Unfortunate and Fatall everie Yeare,  
 Whilst happless *Edward* was Chief *Lord Ascendant* ;  
 Malignant Starrs were still on me attendant,  
 Though at my Birth *Jove* smil'd with Sweet Aspe :  
 Yett froward *Saturne* did my Life direct.

10. F

10.

For though distasted *Gavestone* was dead,  
 Yett *Edward* liv'd, and liv'd to further Ill ;  
 For still I was by my Affections ledd,  
 I will'd not *Law*, yett had noe *Law* but *Will* ;  
 My Peeres disgrac'd, my Commons grieved still ;  
 The Spencers they succeeded *Gavestone*,  
 All chang'd for worse and worse, *Two Ill's for One*.

11.

Theise *Spencers* now the Subject of my Songe,  
 Descended of a Race of good Esteeme ;  
 The elder *Hugh* the Father lived long  
 In great Accompt, and happy Daies had seene,  
 Till his *Ambitious Sonne* did overweene,  
 Whose Greatnes caus'd the Father to aspire,  
 And at the last did wrack both Sonne and Syer.

12.

Oh ! what hast thou to do (*Old Man*) at Court ?  
 Thy Bookes and Beads had better beene for thee,  
 Live still retyr'd, and doe not now resort  
 To stormy Tempest ; *Age* doth ill agree  
 With great Concourse and vulgar Mutiny ;  
 It rather craves Immunity and Rest,  
 And *Peaceful Ease*, with Tumults not distrest.

13.

(Gout,

Whose Joynts being rack'd and tortur'd with the  
 Can scarce endure the stirring of a Straw,  
 Who being unwieldy must be borne about,  
 Whose Golden Ewer is crackt with many a Flaw,  
 Who hath noe Grinders left in either Jaw, (tremble,  
 Whose strong Men bow, whose Keepers shake and  
 Whose meager Looks pale Death doth most resemble.

G

14. But

14.

But this *Ambition* is a boiling ill,  
*Honor* doth make dead *Synders* glow againe,  
 What aged one soe great but by his Will  
 Would faine grow greater? Age doth still retaine  
 Two Humours, *Hope* of Lyfe, *Desire* of Gayne:  
 And this was that which made old *Spencer* clyme  
 When he had past the *Autumne* of his Tyme.

• 15.

The younger *Hugh* (the Sonne of this old Man)  
 Was of an active Spritt and able Brayne,  
 Who with the *Barrons* at the first begann  
 To syde himselfe, they favouring him againe,  
 For *Gavestone* made him *Lord Chamberlaine*,  
 That he in Place so nere about the King,  
 Might alwaies serve their turne in everie thing.

16.

Thinking because he was by them prefer'd,  
 He still would cleave to them in their Designes;  
 But, ill-advised Men, herein they er'd,  
 A swelling Spritt hates him by whome he clymes,  
 As *Ivy* kills the Tree whereon it twines:  
 Soe rysing Men, when they are seated high,  
 Spurne at the Meanes that first they mounted by.

17.

Because they thinke such Favours challenge still  
 An equall correspondency of Love,  
 Which tyes them to be plyant to their Will;  
 And as the lowest *Spheares* by those above  
 Are whirl'd about, so they by theise must move;  
 In all Attempts still way'd by their Direction,  
 And soe noe end nor measure of Subjection.

18. And

18.

And such well mettled Men cannot digest  
To be obsequious to another's minde ;  
Their worcking Spirits will not lett them rest  
Till those precedent Bonds which did them bind  
By Opposition are againe untwin'd ;  
And such an open Rupture doth restore  
Their Libertie, which was ingag'd before.

19.

And Greatnes holds it needfull Pollicy  
To ridd his Hands of them that did it raise,  
By entring into open Enmity,  
And soe to cut them off without delayes ;  
Theife were and are the Courses of our Daies,  
Who list observe both old and moderne Times  
Shall finde I write noe *Fables*, though some *Rymes*.

20.

I will not touch Particulars at all,  
I play the Ball but others marke the Chase,  
The Spencers doe my wandring Muse recall,  
Who being nere the King in Chiefest Place  
Did heap up much, and that in little space :  
For all things had from them their passage then,  
Who turn'd to *Gold* all Matters and all Men.

21.

The chiefest Peeres were underhand kept downe,  
The Mynions of the King gott everie Place ;  
Though Edward had, yett Spencers rul'd the Crowne ;  
And being both made Earles in highest Place,  
They built, they bought, they rais'd, they did deface  
Whome, what they would, such was their powerfull  
And suddaine Greatnes growes too soon unjust. (Lust,

G. 2.

22. Espe-

22.

Especially if like a *Moale* it worcks  
 Onely in Earth, how greedy's such a Man ?  
 How closely he in covert silence lurcks  
 To compasse a whole Countrey if he can ?  
 Still griping all that come within his Spann :  
 What Wealth, Wit, Friends, Force can do good or ill  
 Shall, must be practis'd for to please his Will.

23.

The Prince's Favours doe for Pulleys serve  
 To draw on Men to be at his Commaund,  
 Even Seates of Judgement shall from Justice swerve  
 If they may bring a little to his Hand ;  
 And if some Reverend Fathers shall withstand  
 Then weede them out, they will not serve the turne,  
 Such Men are fit for *Martyres*, lett them burne.

24.

His Agents must be of another Mould,  
 Sharpe, *Eagle-sighted* into Mens Estate,  
 Plyant to doe what e're their Master would ;  
 Close, cunning to dissemble, love or hate ;  
 Well-spoken, powerfull to insinuate ;  
 Seemingly honest, outwardly precise,  
 By which they may their close Complotts disguise.

25.

Theise are like Pipes of Lead that doe convey  
 Those Practises that from their Head doe spring,  
 And soe theise Seconds come to beare great sway,  
 Are begg'd and croocht unto for feare they sting ;  
 Theise buy and begg, and raise and wring  
*Farmer, Esquire, Knight and Baron* too,  
 And *Prince*, and all with whome they have to doe.

26. And

26.

And this indeed was the most dangerous Rock  
 Whereon I split, and soe at last did drowne ;  
 This was mine Error, this the Stumbling Block  
 At which I fell and cast my Fortunes downe,  
 This lost my Peoples Hearts, and that my Crowne ;  
 My Mynions Rapine and unjust Oppression,  
 And my too much indulgent Indiscretion.

27.

My Peeres were malecontent being unrespected,  
 My Captaines mutined for want of Pay,  
 My Court with all Licentiousness infected,  
 My People poore, with Taxes par'd away,  
 And apt for Innovation every Day,  
 All out of joynt, dejected and dismay'd,  
 Only the Spencers and their Consorts sway'd.

28.

I soule, they bought, I wasted, they did thrive,  
 They had abundance, I was indigent,  
 They suck the Honey, myne they ransack'd Hyve,  
 Which made them grow bold, tart and insolent,  
 And thereby caus'd a common Discontent;  
 Of all whose Crymes I did incurr the Blame,  
 Because my Heate gave Life unto the same.

29.

Princes, attend (for I do speake in Zeale)  
 'Tis not enough that you your selves are just,  
 But you must looke into the Comon-weale,  
 And see that those whom you doe putt in Trust  
 Doe governe by the Law, not by their Lust :  
 For he indeed the Wrong doth perpetrate,  
 That may redresse, yett doth it tolerate.

G 3

;o. And

30.

And soe you make their Wickednes your owne,  
 By suffring them to sinn without controule,  
 But lett no Widdowes Teares bedew your Throane,  
 Nor Poor Mens Sithes sent from a grieved Soule,  
 Nor Orphans Prayers which Heaven doth still inroule,  
 Nor common Curses caus'd by publique Grievance,  
 Draw Judgments down on you for their Mischeivance.

31.

Kings must use some, and may chuse of the best,  
 But lett them still remember what Men are,  
 Lett not all Lawes be lockt up in one Brest,  
 Lett not one onely Censure make or mar ;  
 For Men have Passions which oft strayne them far ;  
 The most see least, few best, but none sees all ;  
 Who hath not, doth, who doth not, yet may fall.

32.

I do not barke against Authority,  
 My Heart did never lodge unreverent Thought,  
 Heaven knowes how I adore just Sovereignty,  
 How oft my Soule with up-heav'd Hand hath sought  
 Unto that God whose pretious Bloud was bought,  
 For our Right Vertuous King, this Peaceful State,  
 And all those Powers he doth subordinate.

33.

Oh if one Beame of thy resplendent Light,  
 Most faire all-gladding Sun, chance to discend  
 Upon these short Abridgements which I write,  
 Lett no conceit thy sacred selfe offend,  
 For they were chiefly moulded to this End,  
 To shew how much our selves obliged stand  
 For theise good Times that now doe blesse our Land.

34. Which

34.

Which by Collection of those wretched Daies,  
Appeare more full of Comfort and Content,  
But I goe on : *Muse* keepe the beaten waies,  
Whilst *Spencers* rul'd with Common Discontent ;  
Even *God* himselfe inflicted Punishment  
Upon the *Prince*, the *People* and the *Land*,  
Who felt the Waight of his afflicting Hand.

35.

The *Prince* himself was full of diffidence,  
And thought to strengthen partiality,  
The Lords not brooking *Spencers* insolence,  
Did *League* themselves with strong Formality ;  
The Best were Guilty of Neutrality,  
The vulgar Sort was tyded up and downe  
As *Fortune* list to Favour or to Frown.

36.

The *Earth* her selfe, as sorrowing for our Sinnes,  
Or weary of her fowle Misgoverment,  
Grew out of Heart, and Barren straight becomes,  
Not yeilding Man sufficient to be spent,  
But seem'd to dropp away with languishment ;  
Soe may wee see how *God* unfructifyes,  
A Fruitfull Land for Mens impietyes.

37.

The *lowring Heavens* did seem to raine downe Tears  
As if they wept to washe the sinfull Earth ;  
Infections, Foggs and gloomy Clouds appeares,  
Whiche choake the groath of things in their first Birth,  
*Heaven*, *Earth* and all conspir'd to make a *Dearth*.  
Oh see when *God* takes Armes against a *Land*  
He can inrowle all Creatures in his Band.

38. Great,

38.

Great was the Want of that unhappy Tyme,  
 The Earth not yielding her accustom'd Store ;  
 And that which was, whilst greedy Men purloyn  
 And hoard it up they make the Famyne more,  
 Grinding thereby the Faces of the Poore ;  
 As if God's heavy Hand were too too light,  
 Unless even Man should study Man's despight.

39.

Such Men are *Traitors unto Nature's Law*,  
 And doe conspire against the *Common Good*,  
 They wring the Bread out of the poore Mens Jaw,  
 Whose weary Soule doth starve for want of Food :  
 But without doubt *God* will require their Bloud,  
 Their Guiltless Bloud which from the Earth shall crye,  
 And begg Revenge of him that is Most Highe.

40.

If that one Sparke of Grace in them did dwell,  
 Did they respect Humane Society,  
 Had th'any Hope of Heaven or Feare of Hell,  
 Or any little Sence of Piety,  
 Did they in Heart conceave a *Deity*,  
 And that most *Just*, most *Wise*, most *Powerfull* too,  
 They would forbear what *God* forbidds to doe.

41.

But neither Fear of *God* nor Love of *Men*,  
 Nor just *Compassion* of a *Publique Ill*  
 Can worcke upon their *Brawney Hearts*, and then  
 Coercive Meanes must force a stubborne Will,  
 Els they'l be hard'ned in their *Malice* still ;  
 For oftentimes wee see where *Nature* failes,  
*Law* interposes and indeed prevails.

42. The

42.

The ancient Romane State in its chiefe Pride,  
 When it was govern'd with much sound Advice,  
 Had *Leges Frumentaria's* to provide  
 That Graine should not grow to too high a Price :  
 Our Times such Lawes, our Lawes need such Advise,  
 Since Men are growne soe monstrous in their Kind,  
 We must like Monsters them inclose and bind.

43.

Methinks this Sinn hath in't some tast of Bloud,  
 And what if *Draco's* Lawes did match this Sinn,  
 Which is not onely opposite to Good,  
 As all Offences whatsoever bene,  
 But doth alsoe infringe the common Kinn  
 Wherewith one Soule is linckt unto another,  
 As several Sonnes descended of one Mother.

44.

But (Oh) what Times are theise wherein we live !  
 In which we neither can endure the Soare  
 Nor yet the Salve, the Causes why we greive  
 Nor yett the Meanes which should our State restore.  
 Once *Pharaoh's* Kyne which were but leane and poore  
 Devour'd the Fatt, those Times are altered cleane,  
 For now (we see) the Fatt devours the Leane.

45.

But whilst impatient Hunger did constraine  
 The vulgar sort to eat unhealthy Food,  
 A great Mortality began to raigne,  
 Spilling too much (but most Plebeian) Blood;  
 And after Dearth came Death with angry Mood :  
 Loe, wretched Man, how Woes come still in grosse,  
 And after one succeeds a second Crosse.

46. When

46.

When God severely scourgeth any Land,  
 He seconds *Plagues* to *Plagues* and *Woes* to *Woes*,  
 He taketh his *Three Stringed Whip* in Hand,  
 Of *Dearth*, of *Death*, of *Home or Forraine Foes*,  
 And from these *Three* all *Desolation* growes.  
 What true Content, what Rest to Man remaines,  
 When *Ills* by *Ounces*, *Goad* scarce comes by *Graines*?

47.

And to encrease the Current of my Care,  
 A slavishe Groome (*John Poydrar* was his Name,  
 Borne in the West at *Exeter*) did dare  
 To brute abrode that he from *Long Shanks* came,  
 And I a Changeling (but suppos'd the same)  
 That he in truth was lawfull *Edward's Sonne*,  
 And by a *Nurse* this Treachery was donne.

48.

But afterwards of this Untruth convicted,  
 He did confess that he was mov'd to that  
 By those *Fowle Arts* that God hath interdicted,  
 And by a *Spiritt* in likeness of a *Catt*,  
 Who did assure him by his damned *Platt*  
 He should unto the *Soveraignty* attaine ;  
 But *Hanging* did indeed prevent his *Raigne*.

49.

Here give me leave a little while to dwell  
 Upon the Nature of this Accident,  
 First I observe the *Devil* cannot foretell  
 Before things come what will be their Event,  
 If that they be properly contingent ;  
 That is, that may be and not be as well,  
 And such no *Devill* nor *Spiritt* can foretell.

50. All

50.

All future things that have or may be be told,  
 Are in themselves or by their Causes known,  
 Things in themselves God onely can unfold :  
 And yett sometimes he doth impart his owne  
 And proper Knowledge of such things to come,  
 Unto such Agents as he list inspire,  
 With some small Sparks of his most heavenly fire.

51.

Such were the *Holy Prophettis* in their daies,  
 Who onely by the infusion of his Grace,  
 Foretold strainge things, such likewise did he raise,  
 At several times even from the *Gentiles Race*,  
 And in that *Ranck* some doe the *Sybills* place.  
 Whoe by the glymmering of his Glorious Light,  
 Of things to come did oft Divine aright.

52.

Theise things that by their Causes are conceiv'd,  
 Doe either follow of *Necessity*,  
 Therefore in them even Men are not deceav'd,  
 Or grounded els on *Probability*,  
 Or they doe hitt by mere *Contingency* ;  
 The first the *D-wills* most certainly conceive,  
 & at the *Second*, in the *Last* deceave.

53:

And yett because of long *Experience*,  
 And by their wondrous *Knowledge* in all *Arts*,  
 And since noe Earthly substance dims their sense  
 And by their speedy motion, which imparts  
 present *Knowledge* from the farthest Parts ;  
 graunt they fully comprehend those things  
 whiche unto us great *Admiration* brings.

54. But

54.

But when the things are soe in truth conceal'd  
 That neither Causes nor th Effects appeare,  
 Then those Occurrents are by them reveal'd,  
 In such a sort as Double Sence will beare  
 Alwaies Ambiguous, Cloudy, never Cleare ;  
 And such were those same Oracles of old,  
 Which were by Phœbus, and by Hammon told.

55.

I will be noe Retailer of such Wares,  
 For they are Cheape and Common unto all,  
 But I observe what comes to such Mens shares,  
 I Note the Fearfull Judgements that doe fall  
 Upon such Artifts as doe use to call:  
 Which both the auntient Annalls doe record,  
 And moderne Storyes of our Tymes afford.

56.

Some Burnt with Fyre, as Zoroastres was,  
 And some the Earth did swallow up alive,  
 As Amphiraus when that he did passe  
 To Thebes, some their owne Spritts did deprive  
 Of Breath, and soe Pope Benedict did thrive,  
 The Ninth of that same Name, whose Vitall Line  
 The Devill himselfe by strangling did untwine.

57.

Nicephorus and soe Abdias tells  
 How Symon Magus flying in the ayre,  
 By Magick Charmes, and by Inchanting Spells,  
 Fell downe and broke his Bones at Peter's Prayer,  
 And soe he dy'de in Horror and Dispire.  
 Oh God! how farr thy Hand is stretched out,  
 To poure downe Vengance to this Damned Rout,

58. B

Canto 2. K. EDWARD II.

58.

But to revert from whence I did digresse,  
Besides this common Influence of Ill,  
Those Warrs I undertooke God did not Blesse,  
But ever more they were Succesles still,  
Because I fail'd both in Advice and Skill,  
And being manag'd without due Respect,  
How could their Ends but sort to such effect.

59.

Most true it is, a power of Fearful Harts,  
That by a Princely Lyon is but ledd,  
Shall in the Field exployte more Glorious Parts  
Then armed Lyons with a Hart their Head,  
For Warrs doe thrive as they are managed,  
And in the stremme of Action sound Advice  
prevails as much as doth bold Enterprize.

60.

A shipp well Man'd, well Vi't'led, Tackled well,  
Without a Skillfull Pilot steere the same,  
Doth in that Watry World in Danger dwell,  
Looke what the Pilott is to that Huge Frame,  
To Armed Troopes the Captaine is the same ;  
Who wanting either Courage or Foresight,  
Lains himselfe and all his Army quite.

61.

And hence as I conceive it doth proceed  
That excellent Commanders are most rare,  
Because they must be very Wise indeed  
To take the least Advantages that are,  
And very Valiant in attempt to dare ;  
And (Oh !) how seldome meete in one theise twaine,  
Lyon's Heart joyn'd with a Foxe's Braine.

H

62. Troy

62.

Troy only storyes forth one *Hector's* Faine,  
One *Alexander* name of *Great* did meritt,  
One *Hannibal* from *Carthage* onely came,  
And but one *Pirrus* *Epire* did inheritt ;  
Soe sparing are the *Heavens* of such a *Spiritt*,  
That noe one *Clymat* hath produced many,  
And many one hath scarce bene blest with any.

63.

The *Theban State* noe Greatnes did attaine  
But onely in *Epaminondas* Tyme,  
Who being Dead, it did grow weake againe,  
He was the *Sunn* that lightned all that Clime,  
His *Setting* was their Fall, his *Rise* their Prime ;  
Before inglorious, after of noe Name,  
Such powerfull Vertue from their *Chieftaine* came.

64.

Therefore lett *Princes* labour to attaine  
The art of Warr by all the means they can,  
Because it doth inable him to Raigne,  
And makes him greater than a private man  
That often hath the *Supreame* Tytle wonn  
Of sole *Commander*, which who doth possesse,  
Is scarce a *Prince*, and yett but little lesse.

65.

To have such Troops of Soldiers at Command  
To have such store of Wealth which Men affect,  
To have such potent meanes by Sea or Land,  
To execute what e're they would effect,  
To be observ'd with Duty and Respect  
By forraine *Stats* and home dependency,  
Are *Shaddomes* at the least of *Sovereignty*.

66.

66.

And he that oft hath tasted that Delight  
Wherewith such powerful Greatnes doth bewitch,  
Methinks can hardly humble soe his Spritt  
As not to think himself above the pitch  
Of common Men ; more eager is the Itch  
To mount the topp of one that's up halfe way,  
Then his that still at lowest Step doth stay.

67.

Therefore in truth I doe not jumpe with those  
Who thinke the Prince for conduct of the Field,  
Should both himselfe and Commonwealth repose  
Upon some Chieftaine, whilst himselfe doth wield  
The Home Affaires, which more Assurance yield ;  
In shew I grant, but weighing everie thing,  
Such seeming Safeties certaine Dainger bring.

68.

For if Ambition seize upon the Soul,  
As'tis a Passion apt to entartaine,  
And once possest noe just Respects controule,  
I would advise the Prince that then doth raigne  
To doubt the Event ; 'tis wiser to complaine  
Then to be complain'd of, who doth not knowe  
How many Kings have bene uncrowned see.

69.

This was the Rock that wrackt great Meron's Lyne,  
And brought the Crowne of France to Martell's Race,  
For Chidrick was forced to resigne  
To Pepin, Martell's Son, his Kingly Place ;  
And soe likewise Hugh Chappett did displace  
The Lyne of Pepin, and advanc't his owne,  
Because in Warr his Worth was greater knowne.

70.

A Subject may in Shape his Prince excell,  
 A Subject may more then his Soveraigne know,  
 Either in Arts, or in Discoursing well,  
 He may be stronger to unhorse his Foe,  
 And yett noe Danger to the Scepter foe :  
 But if in Armes the Subject growes too great,  
 The Prince may chaunce to sit besides his Seate.

71.

Therefore the Prince whose Forces and whose Armes  
 By other then himselfe commaunded bin,  
 Must, for prevention of ambitious Harmes,  
 Have many Captaines to employ therein ;  
 Soe shall no one be able for to winn  
 So strong a Party but another may  
 Serve for a Helpe to be crost in his way.

72.

And is there then no Cement for to joyne  
 The Prince and powerfull Peere so close, so fast,  
 As thou shalt not suspe&t, nor others clyme ?  
 Or is the State of things soe strangely plac't,  
 That Men cannot be good with Greatnes grac't ?  
 Must Princes feare the Nobleſt Vertues ſtill,  
 Or muſt a Subject uſe ſuch Vertues ill?

73.

Oh noe ! ſuch Minds the Glosſe of Virtue beares,  
 But noe eſſentiall parts of her partake ;  
 A Kingly Nature cannot nourishe Feares,  
 And Virtuous Soules love Good for Goodnes ſake,  
 And onely that their Actions ayme to make ;  
 Where ſuch as borrow Vertues for a Tyme  
 Are dangerous Men, and very apt to clyme.

74. Espe-

74.

Especially if their Desigmentes bend  
 To Compasse that which we Dependance call,  
 If all their Actions levell at that end  
 To endeare themselves unto the Generall ;  
 Oh they are easy drawne to throw att all,  
 When they have gott the Dice into their hand  
 By haveing often Conduct and Command.

75.

The Antidote for Princes to preserve  
 Their States ungangred from such poysnous Plotts,  
 Is onely Justice, which who doth observe  
 In all Designers, to Men of all Estates ;  
 And is not sway'd with Feares, Loves, Hopes, or Hates,  
 Or any Passion, but goes evenly on,  
 That Prince is wise that soe secures his Throane.

76.

Lett all the Pollitiques that breath this Day,  
 Rack their Conceits until they breake their Braine,  
 They never shall invent a better way,  
 Whereby a Prince may with assurance raigne,  
 Then to be truly Just and to retaine  
 An even Proportion Arithmeticall,  
 Which giveth Equall Justice unto all.

77.

This is the Mother both of Love and Feare,  
 This doth ingender Duty and Desire,  
 This doth the Prince from all Suspicion cleare,  
 Because it doth cutt off the meanes t'aspire,  
 This distributs to all deserved hire ;  
 Whereby the Subject haveing his just due,  
 Remaines Contented and Contented true.

78.

And you great Starrs whose powerfull Influence  
 May worck soe much, be not irregular,  
 Move fairely in your Orbs without offence,  
 Be Nobles truly, and not titular;  
 But soft my Muse, how apt art thou to err,  
 From thy first Path? returne and make it plaine,  
 That Armes are safest for a Soueraigne,

79.

Not onely to prevent aspiring harmes.  
 Would I have Kings Commanders of their owne,  
 But chiefly would I have them practise Armes.  
 That their brave Spritts may be the better showne,  
 And have more vent, to make their Vertues knowne,  
 For Greatnes doth much in Oppinion rest,  
 And that's maintain'd by being in Action best.

80.

Besides 'tis certaine all Men wish to serve,  
 Rather in Princes Eye, then by the Eare,  
 Nothing inflames the Soule more to deserve,  
 More quickens Honor, more abandons Feare,  
 Then when the Prince in presence doth appeare.  
 To check the Coward, and with praise and merit  
 To grace the Actions of the Gallant Spritt.

81.

This of all Causes that I can conceive  
 Made Allexander Monarch of the East,  
 It is a mighty Motive not to leave  
 Their Soueraigne Prince in Danger or Distresse;  
 Ill thrive they here on Earth, in Heaven unblest,  
 That think not soe, and grant, Oh dearest Lord!  
 That Men and Angells to my Prayers accord.

82. WI

82.

Wise was that State and very well advis'd,  
Whose Forces being often putt to Flight,  
Still finding bad Successe, at last devis'd  
To bring the *Infant Prince* into the Fight,  
Even in his Cradle, that his very sight      (true,  
Might give them greater Edge, which prov'd most  
For they did Fight, and Fighting did subdue.

83.

Besides those under Officers that are  
Imploïd according to each severall place,  
Will with more Faith and more Respective Care  
Intend their Charge before their Princes Face,  
Soe to avoid both Danger and Disgrace;  
And the Common Soldier serveth best,  
When hee's Respected most and Fleeced least.

84.

And though I know Examples doe not prove,  
Yett is the State of things not soe confounded  
But that those selfe-same Motives still may move,  
On which their Resolutions then were Grounded;  
Therefore since *Norman William* first was Crowned,  
Who list survey our Kings cannot but yield  
Their States thriv'd best who most did keepe the Field.

85.

Yett if the Prince by Age disabled bee,  
Or otherwise by any like defect,  
Or if the Sex with Armes doe not agree,  
Then lett them make fitt choise with much Resp't  
Of Men of greatest Virtue to direct  
Their Martiall Forces, and the more they traine  
In such Designes, the safer is their Raigne.

86. Because

86.

Because that *Prince* with more assurance lives,  
 That doth rely on many then on one,  
 For nothing sooner apt Occasion gives  
 To swelling Spiritts for to worck uppon,  
 Then if they often have *Command* alone ;  
 Especially if Men doe hold them such,  
 As without them the State cannot doe much.

87.

Besides it causeth Envy on all Parts,  
 Many malignant Humours will be bred,  
 If that the *Prince* all powerfullnes imparts  
 Solely to one, which eavenly quartered ;  
 Setts many Spiritts on worck, and *all* are *Fed*,  
 At least with *Hopes*, which ells perhaps might fall  
 To practise, if one hand ingrossed all.

88.-

Nor would I have the *Prince* to nourish *Fear*:  
 Or *Jealousies* of such as well deserve,  
 But lett them make and keepe great Spiritts theires,  
 And lett their *Favours* and their *Bounties* serve  
 As *Chaines* to bind them that they doe not swerve  
 From *Loyall Duty*, stronger is that ty,  
 Then *Cruell Practise* or fowle *Cruelty*.

89.

And since they must have *Agents* of their will  
 For execution of their Enterprises,  
 Or be themselves ingag'd in Action still,  
 Lett not ungrounded Feares, and false Surmises  
 Unapt their Meanes and crosse their owne Devilis,  
 For who suspects when noe *Cause* doth appeare,  
 Doth give a *Cause* to that which he doth Feare.

90. S

90.

Soe *Commodus* and *Bassianus* soe  
 (Two Princes of a most distrustfull Braine)  
 Did Spinn the Thred of their owne Overtrow  
 By Diffidence which they did entertaine  
 And were the meanes that they themselves were slayne,  
 By their most deare *Privadoes*: their False feare  
 Makinge them Guilty that before were Cleare.

91.

Whereas the Man that may in Peace possesse  
 The happy Blessinge of a private State,  
 Yett prostitutes himself to Wretchednes,  
 To care of Mind, to Bodies Toyle, to Hate  
 Of Envy, to the violence of State,  
 To tatchey Times, to Daingers imminent,  
 If Virtue finds noe Grace but Discontent.

92.

Therefore lett *Princes* weigh their *Servants* meritts;  
 And grace them most that have deserved best,  
 Soe shall Respected Vertue raise new Spiritts,  
 And everie Noble Heart and Gentle Breſt  
 Will Boyle with Zeale which will not lett them Rest  
 Till they have rob'd of Bloud each severall Vein,  
 To doe due Service to their Soveraine.

93.

But if the *Prince* too much distrustfull bee,  
 Sad, Sower and of a Melancholy Minde,  
 Hard of Accessse, Close Handed, nothing Free,  
 To best Deseruers ever most unkinde;  
 Lett such an one assure himselfe to finde  
 false Hearts and Feeble Hands, and Retaine Hate,  
 If any Danger threatens his Estate.

94. Be ſide:

94.

Besides the foule defaceing of his Glory,  
 And the remembrance of his liveing Shame,  
 Which will Recorded be in every Story,  
 And every Annall will report the same,  
 And Taxe with hatefull Tyranny his Name ;  
 And why should Kings be soe ill Governed  
 That their Black Deeds should Live when they are Dead.

95.

A Thousand Yeares and more are gone and past,  
 Since that Justinian did the Empire sway,  
 And yett his foule Dishonour still doth last,  
 And will doe still whilst there is Night and Day ;  
 Because he did Unworthily Repay  
 The Service of Brave Bellisarius,  
 To whom he was unjustly Tyrannous.

96.

What though he did pluck forth those Eyes of thine,  
 The Chearefull Lampes that Lightened those Darke Dams  
 Yett thy great Arts, maugre his Malice, shine  
 As Bright and Glorious as the Sunney Rayes,  
 And Time both Sees and Speakes thy lasting Praise ;  
 What though he made thee Begg from Dore to Dore  
 Thou shalt be Rich in Honour, He but Poore.

97.

Besides, God doth Ingratitude detest,  
 But loves kind Offices from Man to Man,  
 For Sweetnes, Goodnes, Private States are Blest,  
 And much more Kings, because indeed they can  
 Doe much more good ; they Measure not by Span,  
 But by the Ells, and as their Meanes are more,  
 With abler Wings soe must they higher soare,

98. A

98.

And, Oh Deare God ! the Fountaine of all Good,  
 How much obliged are theise Times to thee  
 For our most Blessed Prince of Greatest Bloud,  
 And yett of greater Vertue ? happy wee,  
 Yea Ten Times happy that have liv'd to see  
 Soe many rare Perfeccions joyn'd in One,  
 And that same One to sitt upon this Throane.

99.

I doe not purpose to Perfume my Rymes  
 With the False Breath of Servile Flattery,  
 I rather am too Bold with theise our Tymes,  
 But I appeale to God's all-seeinge Eye,  
 To which our closest drifts most open lye,  
 How my true Penn, writes from my feelinge Heart,  
 When I (Great King) but shaddow what thou art.

100.

And Oh how Blest ! how deare the Heavens doe love  
 That Common Wealth where Vertuous Princes sway ?  
 Oh sweete Experience ! now by thee wee prove  
 Wee Taſt, wee Touch that Blessinge everie Day ;  
 And grant (all-guidinge God) that live he may,  
 Long in Himſelfe, and ſoe longe in his Race,  
 Till there be neither Space for Tyme nor Place.

101.

But wheather hath my Zeale, my Soule's Desire,  
 With fervent Paſſion ledd my Pen astray !  
 To my first Subject now I will retire,  
 And bring my Muse into the beaten way,  
 And Sing of thy Diſaster and Decay.  
 (O Far all Edward !) whose ill Govern'd Crowne  
 Both Ruin'd others, and thy ſelue cast downe !

102. But

102.

But yett of all the multiplicity  
 Of severall Ills that make unhappy Life,  
 There was noe greater Infidelity  
 Then was the Falshood of his Faulty Wife ;  
 That Bosome Wound, that Deadly poysone'd Knife  
 That Stabbs the Soule and never finds Reliefe,  
 But kills with outward Shame or inward Griefe.

103.

Oh what a Chaos of confused ill  
 Is in the Compasse of this Sinn contain'd ?  
 First Violation of God's sacred Will,  
 Next Parents, Brothers, Cosins are defam'd,  
 The Common Wealth by Bastardy is stayn'd,  
 Inheritances wrongfully possest,  
 The Husband scorn'd, Wife loath'd, and Babes unblis.

104.

That festering Sore growes to a Dangerous Head  
 Now Mortimer begins to play his Prize,  
 A braver Spirit never nature bredd  
 Of goodly Presence to attract the Eyes,  
 Of sweete Discourse wherein great Influence lyes,  
 Of high Resolve, and of a Noble Heart,  
 Noe want of Nature, and noe ayde of Art.

105.

This was the Paris that my Hellen won,  
 And this Prometheus stole my Heavenly Fire,  
 This was the Eagle ayringe in the Sunn,  
 Hee's more then Man, that can restraine Desire,  
 Especially being wag'd with such an Hire ;  
 A Queene, and Young, and Faire, Hee's Halfe a Jove,  
 Whome Honour, Youth, and Bewty cannot move.

106. And

106.

And though there be no *just excuse* for *Sinn*,  
 Yett (*Isabell*) this will I say for *thee*,  
 'Tis hardly kept, what many seeke to winn,  
 The finest Cloth will soonest staine we see,  
 Perhaps thou had'st thy Presedent from *mee* ;  
 Twas like for like, though *Wrong* in *thee* it were,  
 Yett was it *Right* and *Just* for me to beare.

107.

Besides he did employ all potent meanes,  
 To undermine the *Bull worke* of her *Brest*,  
 And (Oh) ! that *sex* too much by Nature leanes  
 To change of *Loves* ; what neede it be opprest  
 With *Powerfull Art* but Men will doe their best ?  
 To scale the *Fort* untill the same be wonn,  
 It is *undone desired, repented domm.*

108.

And after many sweete enticeing baites,  
 When he had something div'd into her Heart,  
 He then fitt opportunity awaites,  
 To *All the last and best of all his Part*,  
 Wherein he was to shew his *Master Art*.  
 Which haveing gott, thus he begins the Field,  
 To Conquer her that of *herselfe* did Yield.

109.

Faire Queene (*quoth he*) may I behold the Bewty ?  
 Why not (*quoth she*) the Sunn is seene of all.  
 And shall I speake respecting still my *Duty* ?  
 Why not (*quoth she*) Jove heares the Captives thrall.  
 Shall not disdaine on my endeavours fall ?  
 Jove, heare not (*quoth she*) great minds take all in worth;  
 's Flint, not Pearle sends Sparks of Fire forth.

I

110. Then

110.

Then, Beauteous Queene, my Words shall vent my W<sub>o</sub><sub>r</sub><sub>t</sub>  
*I love*: How sweete were that same sound from thee?  
 For once (quoth she) I grant to be thine Echo,  
*I love*: It is noe perfect point (quoth bee)  
 The Sentence wants except your Grace adds mee.  
*You said not soe, I made but repetition.*  
 The Greatest Sums (Fair Queene) neede noe Addition.

111.

Why then (quoth she) what is't that I should add?  
 Add Fancy to Affection (Gracious Queene)  
 Lett not desire in tawney Weeds be Cladd,  
 Noe Suite becomes sweete Love soe well as Greene,  
 Add Love to Love, Love will more Lovely seeme;  
 Beleeve me (Faire) Stolne Fruit contenteth most,  
 Then spare not that which being spar'd is lost.

112.

*My Mortimer* (quoth she) thou knowst I may not.  
*Maddam* (quoth bee) I know you may but will not.  
 What if I will? why then Sweete Queene delay not;  
*Edward* will know: why say he should, it skills not  
*Fame* will defame, *Fame* may well Hurt but Kills not;  
*Danger* may grow: It will indeare Delight,  
*As darkest Grounds make White* to seeme more Bright.

113.

Thou wilt be False: then Sunn loose thou thy Light,  
 Why being Eclips'd thou knowst it oft doth soe,  
 Lett Water burne, I, now Thou hitst it right,  
 Even from our Bathes such Boyling Waters flow;  
 Be Constant Moone when I Unconstant grow;  
 That fitteth just, the changeing, your untrue,  
 Nay you the Moone; and I the Man in you.

114. 114.

114.

I'le Cry ; doe Maddam, shedd some Teares for Joy,  
 You wrong mee much ; yet wrong'd you will not tell,  
 I pray thee leave : 'tis but an Idle Toy,  
 'Tis true : and Toyes please the Ladies well,  
 I cannot Read : noe, Woemen must but Spell ;  
 Men put togeather, that's my Part to play,  
 I'le Fight, I'le Kisse, and soe begins the Fray.

115.

You Will : nay then I must because You Will,  
 Woemen (Peore Soules) are Weake and dare not Fight,  
 Whoever Rises wee goe Downward still,  
 And yet fond Men will say that wee are Light ;  
 Well it's our Fortunes and the Destinys spight :  
 I am Content because I cannot Choose,  
 'Tis best to take what boots not to refuse.

116.

Thus Mortimer my Golden Fleece did Steale,  
 I tax not France our Matches made with thee,  
 Yett have they not prov'd good for either Weale,  
 Who well observes our History shall see  
 The same confirm'd which is affirm'd by mee ;  
 Our Henry, Edward, Richard, Seconds all,  
 Soe matcht and found their Matches full of Gall.

117.

And 'tis a matter worthy observation,  
 Our Matches with the Dutch have bene more blest  
 Then any ells of whatsoever Nation,  
 Wheather it be a Sympathising Brest  
 Which glewes us closest and units us best ;  
 Or wheather els some special Work of Fate  
 I know not but they have bene Fortunate.

I 2

118. And

118.

And graunt (Oh God) that still they may be soe,  
 Still powr thy best of Blessings upon them,  
*Heaven, Earth, and Hell* conspire thy overthrow,  
 That to my *Prayers* doe not say *Amen*.  
 And with that wishe goe to thy *Loomes* againe  
*(Unwearied Muse)* till thou hast woven at Will,  
 The *Woefull Story of Poore Edward's Ill.*

119.

'Tis not the *Ayre* whereby wee live and breath,  
 Tis not the *Earth* the Mother of us all,  
 Nor *Stars* alone, nor is it *Hell* beneath,  
 Nor theise same *Spirits* which Men their *Guardian*  
*(call,*  
 Nor *Chance*, which seems to sway things casuall;  
 We are the *sole Efficients* of our Evils,  
 We to our selves are either *Gods* or *Devills*.

120.

But I was still the later of the Twaine,  
 My selfe wrought wrack beares Wittnes of the same,  
 And you, great *Lords*, that liv'd whilst I did Raigne,  
 And were consumed with the furious Flame  
 Of my enraged *Wrath*, I will not blame;  
 Your Wayward Pride, nor yett my Wives untruth,  
 My Seed was *Sin*, my Cropp was *Shame* and *Ruth*.

121.

And when did ever that accursed Field  
 Beare other Harvest then such thriftles Weed?  
 Can *poysoned Fountaines wholesome Waters* yield?  
 Or doe not *Wormes* out of Corruption breed?  
*Mischief* the *Damme*, pregnant with *sinfull Seed*,  
 Brings forth her *Daughter* (*Misery*) at last,  
 And they are alwaies Glew'd together Fast.

122. There

122.

There can be noe Divorce betwixt those Twaine,  
 They mixe, or rather they Incorporate,  
 Lyke to the Poles of Heaven it doth remayne,  
 Constant and fixt, Sinn is unfortunate,  
 Still drawing Judgments downe upon each State,  
 Which sometimes are defer'd, not followinge straights,  
 But what Tyme loseth, is repay'd with Weight.

123.

How many Houses have bene rais'd by Sinn,  
 And florish Faire for one or two discents,  
 But still the Third unprosperous hath bene,  
 And God hath crost them with some strange Events,  
 Whereof these Tymes yield many Presedents:  
 But stay, my Muse, if thou wilt shun Offence,  
 Thou must not meddle with the present Tence.

124.

Speake of the Spencers mighty in their Daises,  
 Lett Edward be the Subject of thy Pen,  
 Who did his Minions to such Greatnes raise,  
 That the whole State by them was manag'd then,  
 As Men with Counters soe doe Kings with Men;  
 Sometimes they stand for Halfe Pence, and anon,  
 What was but soe, becomes a Million.

125.

But when my Peeres did see how I was bent  
 To make Base waxen Wings to mount the Sky,  
 Whilst their faire Plumes were pluckt with vile Contempt  
 And they opprest with Scorne and Injury;  
 To late left Armes they gott them by and by;  
 Thy moved Warr the Spencers to remove,  
 Then armed Them, and I was Arm'd by Love.

I 3

126. They

126.

They leavy'd Men, I likewise Men did leavy,  
 Both raised all the Forces wee could make,  
 A Tyrant's Hand (*they said*) was too too Heavy,  
 A Traytors Hand (*I said*) became a Stake,  
 They vow'd Redresse, I vow'd Revenge to take ;  
 Wee Mett and meeting Fought, and Fighting found  
 Noe Hurt more grieves then doth a selfe wrought Wound.

127.

Oh Englishe Peeres ! relinquish impious Armes,  
 Build not your weightyest Actions upon Sand,  
 'Tis not the Color of pretended Harmes,  
 Nor seeming Zeale unto your native Land ;  
 Nor Reformation (though you beare in hand  
 The People soe) of some abuse of Lawes,  
 That can make Lawfull your unlawfull Cause.

128.

These are and ever have bene those smooth Oyles,  
 With which foule Treason seekes to Paint her Face,  
 That shee might seeme Faire, pleasing, full of Smilyng,  
 Soe to winn Love, and gaine the Peoples Grace,  
 Who silly Gudgions ever bite apace ;  
 Untill the Fatall Hooke be swallowed downe.  
 With which Ambition angles for a Crowne.

129.

Who ever practis'd gainst a Prince or State,  
 But allwaies did pretend the Common Good,  
 Thereby to draw into Contempt or Hate,  
 The course of Government as then it stood ;  
 This hath bene still the Marrow, Life and Bloud,  
 Of such Attempts : but here the Rule stands fast,  
 What's thought on First is Executed Last.

—  
130

130.

For when that once their *Private Turnes* are serv'd,  
The care of *Common Wealth* is laid aside,  
That did but whett the *Knife* with which they carv'd  
For their owne *Good*, that *Vizard* did but *hide*  
Some *Secrett Ends*, not fitt to be descride  
Untill accomplisht, which once brought to passe,  
The publique State stands as before it was.

131.

And for to angle Men, *Crymes* must be made  
Against the *Prince*, if he be without touch,  
Soe that noe just exceptions can be found,  
Then must the *imputation* rest on such,  
As being nere the *Prince*, are used much ;  
For this is certaine, they that stand on *Highe*,  
Are *Fairest Markes*, for *Fowlest Obloquie*.

132.

But though the *Arrow* at them seemeth aym'd,  
Yett through their *sides* it Wounds the *Prince's Breſt*,  
Whose *Reputation* cannot be but maym'd  
By their *Reproach* whome they doe favour best,  
And they that kill the *Birds* would spoile the *Nest* ;  
But what's intended would be closely wrought,  
And that pretended which was never thought.

133.

Why ſhould vaine Man ſtill dawbe his *Actions* thus  
With outward *Whitelyme* which are *Pitcheſt* within ?  
Even *wicked Kings* muſt be indur'd by us,  
What e're the *Cause* be, *Treafon* is a *Sinn*,  
*Rebellious Armes* cannot true *Honor* winn ;  
The *Sword* is not the *Subjects*, his *Defence*  
In all Extreames, is *Prayer* and *Patience*.

134. Therefore

134.

(Armes

Therefore (deare Spritts) dye not your Silver  
 Into a sanguine with your Mother's Blood,  
 Lett not uncivill Hands cause Civil Harmes,  
 For private Grief confound not publique Good ;  
 Not all the Water in the Ocean Flood  
 Can washe the Sinn from you and your Allyes,  
 For *Treason* Lives although the *Traytor* Dyes.

135.

Sweet *Trent*, how were thy Christall Waters stain'd  
 With *Englishe* Bloud that was at *Burton* shedd ?  
 Let *Burrough Bridge* a *Golgotha* be nam'd,  
 A Field of Death wherein lay Buried  
 Soe many People, and all Natives Bredd ;  
 Had those dear Lives 'gainst *French Men* bene employ'd  
 We had not Greiv'd though you had Liv'd or Dyde.

136.

Att last the doubtfull Victory prov'd myne,  
 The *Barrons* lost the Day, and lost their Lives,  
 Their Heads went off whose Hearts did soe repine  
 Against their Prince (for *Treason* seldome thrives;) That great al-seeing God whose Knowledge dives  
 Into the deepest secrets of the Soule,  
 Unjust Attempts in Justice doth controule.

137.

Great *Lancaster* (then whome noe greater Earle,  
 This greatest *Isle* of *Europe* had before)  
 Good *Lancaster* (in Goodnes such a Pearle,  
 That him the vulgar Sort did longe adore)  
 Had then his Head struck off, and many more  
 Even of the greatest felt the selfe same stroake,  
 Soe *Lightininge* spares the *Shrudds* and teares the *Oake*.

138. Th:

138.

The Sword was sharpe, and Wounded everie where  
 Many great Men of Noble Quality,  
 In several Cittyes were Beheaded here  
 For being Actors in that Trechery,  
 Which allwaies proves a Mournfull Tragedy ;  
 For though I know the Sword is due to such,  
 Yett should a Prince forbear to strike too much.

139.

For often Executions in a State,  
 Especially of Men of Fashyon,  
 First stirr up Pitty, then Diflike, then Hate,  
 Then close Complaint, then Combination ;  
 Then followes Practice for some alteration ;  
 And that indangers all if not withstood,  
 And though unprosperous yett it spills much Blood.

140.

And that same Throane that's often wett with Bloud  
 Is very Slippery, apt to give a Fall  
 Yeilding noe Hours Rest, noe Pleasures Good,  
 Sleeping on Thornes, and Feeding upon Gall,  
 Still thinking, and still thinking Ill of all ;  
 Haunted with restles Feare whilst Day doth last,  
 And then at Night with Fearfull Dreames agast.

141.

Our Storyes doe report third Richard soe,  
 And without doubt he did too much lett Blood,  
 Allwaies Mistrustfull both of Friend and Foe,  
 Ready to strike them that but nere him stood,  
 Fearfull to all, such was his furiours mood ;  
 And fearing all as one that knew too well,  
 How many Soules did wishe his Soule to Hell.

CANTO

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## CANTO III.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Mortimer imprison'd in the Tower, but makes his Escape to the Queen in France. They Plott against the King, under pretence of Securing the Person of the Young Prince, raise a Party in England, Bishop Tarleton at the Head of the Faction. The Queen goes to Hainault, raises Men and lands near Harwich, the Lords join her. The King flyes, the Queen with her joint Forces pursues him. Tarleton's Sermon at Oxford. The Wickedness of the Clergy from the Norman Conquest describ'd. The King sets out to Sea, is put back into Wales by a Storme. Wanders about, attended by Bullock, Spencer, and Simon de Reding, who Endeavour to comfort him; is apprehended, imprisoned and depos'd. The Fatal Consequences of Civil Wars, Usurpations, and deposing of Kings describ'd. The King Resigns the Crown. Reflections on the Barbarous Treatment he met with, at last Cruelly Murder'd.

## I.

**O**H! that a Prince might see a Tyrants Mind, What Monsters, what Chymeraies therein are, What Horrors in his Soule he still doth find, How much himselfe is with himselfe at Warr; Ever devided, full of Thoughtfull Care, What Pistolls, Poniards, Poisons he conceits, And thinks each one for his Destruction waits.

## 2. Behd

## 2.

Besides indeed it is noe Pollicy,  
 Except it be in a meer *Turkishe State*,  
 To make the *Crowne* a common *Butchery*,  
 To Governe all by Feare which breedeth Hate  
 In noble Minds, and doth exasperate  
 A free borne People, where the *Turkishe Race*  
 Feare best commands, being Servile, Poore and Base.

## 3.

Princes rewards should fall like gentle Rayne,  
 Which coming softly doth the longer last,  
 That their Sweet Relishe might still fresh remayne,  
 Their Executions should be done in hast,  
 Like suddaine furious Stormes that soone are past ;  
 because when once the Violence is done,  
 Th'offence thereof may be forgott and gon.

## 4.

One limbe of that great Body that did lende  
 selfe against mee in the factious Frayes,  
 Was Mortimer, who yett upon Command  
 came in before the Fight, him I straightwaises  
 sent to the Tower, to spend his weary Daies:  
 But wretched Bonds restrain'd from Libertie,  
 Out Walls of Stone keepe not out Desteny.

## 5.

Which either finds or makes it selfe a way,  
 or Mortimer thus sent unto the Tower  
 To free himselfe still labours Night and Day,  
 And by a Sleepy Potion (which had Power  
 To make him Slumber till a certaine Houre)  
 He found the meanes, his Keeper being fast,  
 To make escape and gett to Fraunce at last.

## 6. This

6.

This was not done without my Queenes consent,  
 Whose Head and Hand were worcking in the same,  
 Little thought I that that way the Hare went,  
 But Sir Steven Segrave onely I did blame;  
 (Wretched Mankinde) how bold we are to frame  
 Hopes to our selves, how blind to see our ill,  
 That least we feare, that most doth hurt us still.

7.

Doe but observe how much wee straine att ~~Gnat~~,  
 And swallowe ~~Camels~~ downe without respect,  
 How hoodwinckt wee are to discerne theise plattis  
 That hurt us most, how ready to suspect  
 Our Friends for Foes, how apt and prest to effect  
 Our owne disaster, ~~Mortimer~~ getts free,  
 And others dy that lesse had wronged mee.

8.

And now I thought my Seate to be as sure  
 As if great *Atlas* did uphold the same,  
 The drosse being purg'd, the Gold must needs be pure  
 The Smoake once gone, the Fire must brightly flame  
 Their Eyes were out that markt and mar'd my game,  
 They have noe Harts to dare, nor Tongues to preache  
 Or Hands to Fight, or restles Heads to reach.

9.

But Hurtles, Haples, yea and Headles too,  
 Are those Disturbers of our awfull Raigne,  
 Who would prescribe the Prince what he shoulde doe  
 And when, and where, and why, and whome refrayme  
 Like pupills whom their Tutors doe restraine;  
 To Toy with Edge-tooles is a Dangerous thing,  
 And 'tis noe May-game to controule a King.

10. The

## 10.

Thus in a Calme I feard no Storme at all,  
 But yett too soone a suddaine Cold did rise,  
 From whence such store of Wintry Stormes did fall  
 As for my shrowd noe shelter could suffice,  
 Until pale Death had clos'd my Fearfull Eyes ;  
 O bring with you, who ever read my fall,  
 Sad Thoughts, wett Eyes, and wayling Words withall.

## 11.

And thus it was, I sent my Queene to France,  
 And after her the Prince (my Sonn) I sent  
 To treat a Peace : but soe the fatall chance,  
 They brought home Warr, although for Peace they  
 The ambitious Woman she was fully bent (went ;  
 To have sole Rule, and ment to put me downe,  
 Soe Ninus once did loose both Life and Crowne.

## 12.

There is more Mercy in the Tygers Claw  
 Lesse Venome in the Scorpions Sting doth ly,  
 More Pitty in the Hungry Lyons Paw,  
 Lesse Danger in the Basiliske his Eye,  
 Hienne that doth call the goers by,  
 The Panthers Breath, and Crockadiles false Teares,  
 Have truer Harts than faithles Women beares.

## 13.

Lett loosers speake, for they will not be lett,  
 I lost my Crowne, my Friends, my Life I lost,  
 My Glorious riseing had a Gloomy sett,  
 My Wife, the Sea, wherein my Barke was lost,  
 The Wrack whereon I suffered Shipwraek most ;  
 She Clytemnestra, Agamemnon I,  
 Whome false Aegistus fowly caus'd to dy.

K

His

14.

His part my *Finall Mortimer* did play,  
 Whome *Isabell*, my *Queene*, soe well did love,  
 That still in *France* with him she ment to stay,  
 As one that would the selfe-same Fortune prove,  
 And move noe other waies then he did move ;  
 Meane while the *Cuckoe* hatcht in *Edwards* nest,  
 And in my *Boate* his *Oare* was liked best.

15.

They that Enjoy and joy in their owne Love,  
 Whose Vertuous Soules noe secrett soyle doth staine,  
 Who never did unlawful Pleasure prove,  
 But truly Loveinge are soe Lov'd again ;  
 Thrice Happy they, more sweete Contentment gaine,  
 Then those that have the change and choise of many,  
 And using All are never lov'd of Any.

16.

For *Stremes* divided runn a shallower course  
 Then they that onely in one *Channell* runn,  
 A Mind unchaſt doth ever like them worse  
 That are obtain'd, then those that are unwonn,  
 Beause it thinks some Pleasure is to come  
 Which yett it hath not found, and never Ill  
 Did seepe soe Sweete, but somethinge wanted still.

17.

For how can *Sinn* afford a full Delight,  
 When it's indeed a meere privation,  
 As well may *Darknes* be the cause of *Light*,  
 And *Heaven* to *Hell* be turn'd by Transformation,  
 As Wickednes yeild perfect Contentation ;  
 The Vertuous Pleasures are Compleat and sound,  
 And Lawfull are at last Delightfull found.

18. B

18.

But *Lust* is *Deafe*, and hath noe Eares to heare  
 The cunning *Charmer*, Charme he nere soe well,  
 Which did too much in *Isabell* appeare,  
 Who did resolve with *Mortimer* to dwell;  
 And both of them did labour to expell  
*Me* from my *Kingdome*, and to please the Tyme,  
 They made my Sonne the Colour of their *Cryme*.

19.

And here observe the foule effect of *Lust*,  
 That *Treasons*, *Murthers*, Outrage from it spring,  
 How both to God and Man it is unjust,  
 How it defiles all States, confounds all Things,  
 And at the last to utter Ruine brings;  
 How much more purer is that Holy Fyre,  
 Which God doth bleſſe, and Men themſelues defile!

20.

As *Mortimer* and *Isabell* my *Queene*,  
 Practis'd in *France*, soe here they had their Faction  
 Of *Earles* and *Barrons*, Men of great Esteeme,  
 Both Wise and Stout to manage any Action,  
 And the poore *Commons* guided by Exaction,  
 To Innovation were most easily ledd.  
 And nothing wanted but an able Head.

21.

But he that was Chiefe Worckman of the Frame,  
 Which drew the Plott at home for all the rest,  
 And afterwards did Build upon the same,  
 A *Bishop* was, yett *Churchmen* ſhould be best,  
 But oftentimes Sian lurcks within their brest;  
 When *Sacred Titles*, and *Religious Names*,  
 Are but the *Covers* of *uncomly Shames*.

K 2

22. 'Twas

22.

'Twas Tarleton, whose spleene and woeing Braine  
 Were the producers of this Monster first,  
 Who, for he did some private Wrong sustaine,  
 In's inward Heart and Bosome Treason nurst  
 Against his Prince, which afterwards did burst  
 To those open Flames, from whence did grow  
 As spightfull Ills as ever Age could shewe.

23.

May then Religion be a Cloake for Sinn?  
 Can Holiest Functions serve but for Pretence?  
 Are Churchmen Saints without, and Devills within?  
 Dare Men make God a Colour for Offence,  
 Knowing with what Fierce Wrath he'll recompence.  
 Even Simple Sinners that scarce know his Will,  
 Then much more those, whose Knowledge serves for ill.

24.

Most reverend Priesthood how art thou profan'd?  
 How comes thy Glorious Lustre soe obscure?  
 That even thy very Tytle is defam'd?  
 The Cause is playne, Professors are impure;  
 Their Lives doe Hurt more then their Tongues doe Cure,  
 For Laymen thinke all lawfull which they doe,  
 And in that thought are easily drawne thereto.

25.

And soe there growes a Confluence of all Sinn,  
 For Sheepe will wander if the Shephard stray,  
 Small Boats must downe when Great Ships cannot swim,  
 If Doctors faile what shall poore People say?  
 God helpe the Blind, if cleare Eyes misse the way;  
 Though Sinn doe ever draw with it a Curse,  
 Yett doth the Author make the Sinn the worse.

26. But

26.

But to my selfe I doubted what to doe;—  
 For weighty Causes challenge heedfull Care,  
 I fear'd the French, I fear'd my Subjects too,  
 I wanted Crownes the Sinnowes of the Warr ;  
 Those that I had, I thought not Good to spare,  
 But freely sent them to the King o' France,  
 That he should not his Sister's Part advance.

27.

Whereby from thence she had no ayde at all,—  
 (Oh what a pleasing Orator is Gold !)  
 How well he speakes that tells a Golden Tale ?  
 How sweetly sounds it both to Young and Old ?  
 And yet it loves not to be heard but told.  
 Orpheus did make the Stones great wonders doe,  
 But this can more then Stones and Orpheus too.

28.

Which when my Queene and Mortimer perceiv'd,  
 They leaving France to Hainault went for Ayd,  
 And there with Honnor they were well receiv'd,  
 Forces prepar'd, and Ensignes were display'd,  
 And Ships were rigg'd, and nothing was delay'd  
 That might advance their Enterprize begunn,  
 Soe deepest Seas with smoothest Silence runn.

29.

They tooke the Sea, and landed at the last  
 Att Orwell Haven, a deadly Gulfe to mee,  
 And thither their Confederats did hast,  
 Both Lords and Commons seemed to agree,  
 As Winds and Waves consent when Wracks shall be:  
 All turn'd their Faces to the rising Sunn,  
 Because my date was done, and I undon.

K 3

30. But

30.

But when the Voyce of Eagle-winged Fame  
 Had spread abroad the Cause of their repaire,  
 And seemed still to Justify the same,  
 By due Succession of my Sonne and Heire,  
 My Hope to Fear, my Fear turn'd to Dispaire ;  
 And my Dispaire on those two Grounds were laid,  
 My Peers were False, my Partisans dismaid.

31.

Then did I fly from London where I lay,  
 Because they seem'd too partially Affected,  
 And in my Flight did often weepe and say,  
 To what hard Hearts (Poore Prince) art thou Subj. etc.  
 What Gloomy Starrs have thus thy State infected ?  
 That they shoulde Hate who ought to Love the rather  
*A haples King, a Husband and a Father.*

32.

Most mighty Monarches have bene oft disrest,  
 Whome yett their Wives have Lov'd with tender care  
 And many in their Match are Curst, are Blest  
 Yett in their Issue ; but my Case is rare,  
 In all of them my Fortunes fatall are ;  
 They wrong me most that should Protect me rather  
*A haples King, a Husband, and a Father.*

33.

Some say that Kings are Gods upon the Earth,  
 And Marriage *quasi* Merry-age some Surmise,  
 God gives us Joy they say at Childrens Birth,  
 What God am I whome trayterous Men despise ?  
 And Marr-age for my Marriage doth arise ;  
 There Reape I Care where most Content doe gather  
*A haples King, a Husband, and a Father.*

34.

34.

As thus I fled, my Queene persu'd amayne,  
 Soe runs the Hare for Life, the Hound for Prey,  
 Few followed mee, but Thousands were her Trayne,  
 Soe Flyes swarne thickest in a Sun shone Day ;  
 At last at Oxford did she make some stay  
 With all her Troopes, and did deliberate,  
 What Course to take with mee and with my State.

35.

There did her Tutor Tarlton thinke it fitt,  
 Of their chief drift Remonstrance for to make,  
 Who being of good Discourse and pregnant Witt,  
 To broach the matter first did undertake,  
 He preacht, his Text was this (*my Head doth Ake;*)  
 Whereon dilating he did seeme to prove,  
*That Subjects might a King, their Head, remove.*

36.

And in that Compasse he included me,  
 And soe concluded I should be depos'd,  
 A Dangerous and Detested Heresy,  
 By some Infernall Fury first Compos'd,  
 In Hell where long the Monster lay inclos'd ;  
 Till impious Spiritts swolne with Insolence,  
 To curb all Christian Princes brought it thence.

37.

Why should such Divillishe Principles be preacht,  
 By them that seeme to bring Gods Ambassay ?  
 Why should the Pulpett be soe much Reprochت,  
 As to be made a Place to tell a Ly ?  
 To serve a Turne, to sooth Impiety ?  
 But they who onely their owne Ends affect,  
 Nor God, nor Man, nor Heaven, nor Hell Respect.

38. No<sup>2</sup>

38.

Noe worthy Mind will charge me to disclose  
 With cursed Cain my Father's sacred shame,  
 Though my free Muse doe somewhat touch at those  
 Of Holy Church, what Actions full of blame  
 Have soyl'd themselves, not Function full of blame,  
 Nor i'th a Wonder though theise blinded Times  
 Did Hatch both Monstrous Men and Monstrous Crymes.

39.

William whose Sword did seate him in his Throane,  
 Brought with him Odo Bishop of Baion,  
 Whose Pride, whose Lust, whose Irreligion,  
 Whose Simony to buy the Sea of Rome  
 Incens'd his Brother to just Wrath, by whome  
 Th' Aspiring Priest in Person was restrain'd,  
 And not releast soe long as William Raign'd.

40.

And had this head-strong Man bene still held in,  
 (Rufus) thy Raigne had bene more Easy farr,  
 For haveing head, he Labour'd straight to winn  
 All discontented Spiritts, that allwaies are  
 Apt to take Fire, unto a Civill Warr ;  
 And those Corrupted Humours drawne to Head,  
 In Prince and State great Inflammations bredd.

41.

When Second Henry wore the Diadem,  
 How did Ambitious Becket toyle the State ?  
 Who made the Pope to interdict the Realme ?  
 Who with the French King did Confederate ?  
 Who Underhand worcks Man and Wives debate ?  
 Who drew the Sonne to Armes against the Syre ?  
 'Twas Becker that most Kindled all this Fire.

42. What

42.

What bitter Stormes had almost wrackt the State ?  
By Clergy Practise while King John did Raigne,  
Six Yeares the Realme stood Excommunicate,  
And under interdiction did remayne,  
People and Peeres drew from their Soveraigne ;  
Lewis of France brought in to weare the Crowne,  
If by his Forces John were sholdred downe.

43.

Who almost sincking with soe rough a blast,  
Finding himselfe unable to withstand,  
To leave his Crowne was forced at the last  
For to resigne unto the Pope his Land,  
And by a Rent to farme it att his hand :  
Then all was well the Clergies turne was serv'd,  
Lewis was Curst, and John had well deserv'd.

44.

Doe Kingdoms then serve but for Tennisballs,  
for Holy Church to racket up and downe ?  
Must Scepters be dispos'd by Bishops Palls ?  
Or shall a Prince make forfeit of a Crowne,  
If a proud Prelate chaunce to Frett or Frown ?  
If they can carry it soe I li'e their Witt,  
But sure I am, 'tis not by Holy Writ.

45.

When Straw his base Rebellious Troupes did gather  
and drew the Commons to a Dangerous Head,  
The Ball a Priest, or one of Baal's Priests rather,  
They close Seditious Libells which he spredd ;  
They Rymes and old said Sawes he much misledd.  
The vulgar Sort, and made their Madnes more,  
Which of it selfe did rage too much before.

46. When

46.

When Lancaster King Richard did depose,  
 His Chiefe Assistant, Thomas Arrundell,  
 Primate of England, did absolve all those  
 That joyn'd in that foule Action to expell  
 Their Rightfull King, and did in substance tell  
 The very Tale that Tarleton erst had told ;  
 Soe oft by them this Realme was Bought and Sold.

47.

Whilst Humfry Duke of Gloster Rul'd the State,  
 Henry the Sixt then being under Age,  
 What Bloody Tumults, what intestine Hate  
 Were here untimely rais'd by Beaufort's rage ;  
 Which was soe full that nothing could asswage  
 His rankrous Spleene, nor would stint the strife,  
 Till by fowle Practise Gloster lost his Life.

48.

Richard the Third that did Usurpe the Crowne,  
 And swom through Bloud to gett the Kingly Place,  
 Had he not Shaw, a Clerke of great Renowne  
 Before that time high in the Peoples grace ?  
 Who at Paules Croffe did bastard Edwards Race,  
 Defend the deed forg'd, wrested sooth up Sinn,  
 Ventur'd his Soule, a Tyrants Love to winn.

49.

But stay, I handle with too rash a Touch  
 The Churches Wounds, that now are fairely Heal'd,  
 Then were the hudwinckt times, then were they su  
 In those darke Daies, now is the Truth reveal'd,  
 Now are theise former Errors all repeal'd,  
 And now the Sunn soe Lightens all our Clyme,  
 Most learned Fathers, answeare you the Tyme.

50.

50.

Be, as you should be, *Lampes* to give us Light,  
And *Shining Starrs*, to grace our Firmament,  
Though *you doe Teach and wee Believe aright*,  
Yett Minds unsettled sooner will be bent  
When they shall see your Worcks and Words consent ;  
And therefore lett your Lives your Faith express,  
And prove by *Practise* what you doe *Professe*.

51.

Whilst *Mortimer*, my *Queene* and *Tarleton* plaid  
Their Pageant thus, the Current went soe swift,  
That I thought best untill the Fury stay'd  
In some close private Place a while to Shift ;  
And for the Land seem'd crosse unto my dirft,  
I did resolve by *Sea* so seeke some *Clyme*,  
Where I might Harbour till some Happy Time.

52.

And soe I left the Land to take the *Seas*,  
But *Sea* and *Land* conspir'd unto my taking,  
For neither Plaints, nor Prayers could appease (ing  
The Wind and Waves, which fear'd as they were mak-  
Sharpe Warr betwixt themselves, whilst I stood quak-  
For feare least I, the Subject of their strife, (ing  
Should end their Warr by ending of my Life.

53.

And yett thrice Happy had Poore *England* bene,  
If Death had Ended then my weary Daies,  
But cast a shoare in *Walles* I liv'd unseene  
In Pathles Woods and unfrequented Waies,  
With those few Friends that whilome I did raise ;  
*Baldwick*, and *Reading*, *Spencer* and noe more,  
Who in my Fall their Ruine did deplore.

54. O-

54.

Of all the swarmes that followed Princely Raign,  
 Of all the Friends that follow awfull Pride,  
 Loe onely this poore remnant did remayne  
 As true Love not with sadd Affliction tryde,  
 Whose Sufferings and whose Sorrowes were ally'd;  
 For wretched Man Compassionate each other,  
 And kind Compassion is Affections Mother.

55.

O see what Quicksands Honour treads upon!  
 How easy is the Way that Greatnes goes?  
 A mighty Monarch late attended on,      (showes  
 With supple Harpies, Smooth Browes, Submissive  
 For many Followers now hath many Foes;  
 Now fawning Friends from frowning Fortunes runn  
 As Persians use to Curse the setting Sunn.

56.

When Jove had made the chiefe of all the Creatures  
 Whome wee call Man, (*a little World indeed,*)  
 The God did Praise his well proportion'd Features,  
 Each in their Functions serving others need,  
 But prying Momus taking better heed;  
 Observ'd at last one Error in his Art,  
 Because he made noe Windowes in Mans Heart.

57.

O that the Glorious Architect of Men  
 Had made transparent Glasses in the brest!  
 What Place should be for Politicians then?  
 How should desemblings grow in such request?  
 And Matchivilian Athisme prosper best?  
 But Temporizing is the way to Clyme,  
 There is noe Musique without keeping Tyme.

58.

58.

I shall not doe amisse if I doe Sing  
 Those heavy *Anthem*s our sadd *Consort* made,  
 Whilst they did warble to their wretched *King*,  
 As wee did sorrowing sitt in silent shade,  
 The suddaine downfall reeling Greatnes had,  
*Balduck* (quoth I) out of *Philosophy*  
 Extract some Medicine for our Misery.

59.

*Deare Prince* (quoth he) whome late our Eyes beheld  
 In greatest Glory that the World could see,  
 Whilst thou with awfull Majestie didst wield  
 The publique State, lett it noe Wonder bee,  
 If some few Starrs prove opposite to thee;  
 Since in their Favour none soe firmly stood,  
 But they have given them Griefe as well as Good.

60.

Doe but observe the Favorite of *Chance*,  
 Her choisest *Minion*, highest in her Grace,  
*Phillips* great Sonn whome he did soe advance,  
 Who did subdue the *East* in little space,  
 Unto whose Armes th'amazed World gave place,  
 Whose Actions are the Subjects of all Storyes,  
 He poyson'd Dyes amidst his World of Glories.

61.

I list not wade in telling Tragick Tales,  
 T'sufficeth that all Greatnes is unsure,  
 stormes Rage more fiercely on the Hills then Dales,  
 shrubbs better then the Cedars Wind indure,  
 Those Colours soonest staine that are most Pure;  
 O lett him Grasp the Clouds and Span the Sky  
 That can assure himselfe Felicity.

L

61. In

62.

In all that this same Massy World doth hold,  
 There is a certaine mixture to be found,  
 Either of Dry or Moyst, or Hott or Cold,  
 Of which of any one too much abound  
 The Body soe infected proves unsound ;  
 But being kept in just proportion,  
 They doe maintaine a Healthfull Union.

63.

Soe fares it in our Fortunes and our State,  
 Nothing is Simply Sweet or Simply Sower,  
 Our Weale is mixt with Woe, our Love with Hate,  
 Our Hope with Feare, and Weaknes with our Power  
 We have a Sun-shine and a Gloomy Hower,  
 And as there is an Autumn and a Spring,  
 Soe Change by Course is feene in every thing.

64.

The Wind that's now at South will change to North,  
 The greatest Grasse will turne to withered Hay,  
 The Seas both Ebb and Flow at every Shoare,  
 The Moone doth waxe and waine yett not decay,  
 Day drawes on Night, and Night drawes on the Day;  
 Our selves once Babes, now Men, then Old, straight  
 Doe plainly prove a Change in everie one.      (none)

65.

Wise Politicians and deepe sighted Sages  
 That have discourtst of Common Wealthes with Care,  
 Both of our Time and of precedent Ages,  
 Observe in them a Birth when first they are ;  
 A growth which oft extendeth very farr,  
 A State wherein they stand, some change withall,  
 And then at laist a fatall finall Fall.

66. R

66.

Rome had her being first from *Romulus*,  
Her growth from *Consulls* that were annuall,  
Her State most florish't in *Ottavius*,  
Many Conventions, these most Principall,  
From Kings to *Consulls*, last *Imperiall* ;  
And who sees that she lyes not Ruyned,  
And in her Ruynes now lyes Buried.

67.

The greatest and best grounded *Monarchy*  
Hath had a Period and an Overthrow,  
There is noe constant Perpetuity,  
The Stremme of things is carried too and froe,  
And doth in everie runninge Channell goe ;  
If then great *Empires* are to Changes bending,  
What weaker States are warranted from ending ?

68.

*Ruines of Kingdomes* and their fatall Harmes  
From one of theise same Causes doe arise,  
From Civill Fury, or from Forraine Armes,  
Or from Plague doomed from the angry Skye  
Or worne by wastng Tyme dissolved dyes ;  
For as the Fruite once Ripe falls from the Tree,  
Soe Common Wealthes by Age subverted bee.

69.

If theise be Wracks that Shipwarck *Monarchyes*,  
Are private States exempted from the same,  
Where lives that Man hath such Immunityes ?  
'Tis hard to scape once scorcht in common Flame,  
Or Parts to stand when ruin'd is the Frame ;  
These publique harmes that *Empires* doe decay,  
In private States doe beare a greater sway.

L 2.

70. Five

70.

Five Hundred Yeares some that are curious Wife,  
 Would have the Period of the publique State,  
 And they appoint for private Familyes,  
 Some six or seaven Discents the utmost date,  
 I dare not soe precisely calculate ;  
 But without doubt there is a fixed Tyme,  
 In which all Stats have both their Sett and Prysme.

71.

Lett theise be motives (*O dejected Great One*)  
 To calme the Tempest of thy Stormy Care,  
 And though I must confesse it well may frett one,  
 Thy past and present Fortune to compare ;  
 Yett since in all things Changes common are,  
 Thinke ebbed Stats may flow, and thinke withall,  
 What happs to me to everie one may fall.

72.

Thus Balduck ceast, and Reading thus bguinn,  
 But first his Eyes dew'd downe a weeping Raine,  
 O thou once glorious, now eclipsed Sunn,  
 Now thou art clouded, yett maist cleare againe,  
 With courage therefore hopefull Thoughts retaine ;  
 For oft those Winds that draw the Cloudes together,  
 By their Disperse occasion fairer Weather.

73.

But I intend to Comment on this Text,  
 Nor will I Harrow that which he did Sow ;  
 What I apply to thy sadd Soule perplext  
 With those Dismayes that from thy Fortune flow,  
 Out of th' assured Grounds of Truth doth grow ;  
 Then make good use thereof, and learne thereby  
 This soveraign Salve for thy sad Malady.

74. All

74.

All things that boundless Thought can once con-  
 Sacred, Prophane, or Elements compos'd, (ceive,  
 Unbodied Spritts, or what ells doe receive  
 A Being, when, or where, or how dispos'd,  
 Within a triple Circle are inclos'd,  
 To Be Eternall, or Perpetuall,  
 Or els indeed but merely Temporall.

75.

That is *Eternall* which did not begin  
 Nor never ends, and onely God is soe ;  
 Who hath for ever and for ever bin,  
 Whome noe Place circumscribes,nor Times foregoe,  
 Nor Lymitts bound, nor Thought can fully know ;  
 Whome wee soe much the more ought to admire  
 How much the les to Knowledge we aspire.

76.

That is *Perpetuall* which in Time began,  
 But never any Time shall end againe,  
 Such are the *Angells*, such the Soule of Man,  
 Such are those *Spritts* that live in restles Paine  
 (*Rebellious Spritts against their Soveraigne*).  
 All theise were made, as't pleas'd their Maker's Will,  
 Once to begin, but to continue still.

77.

Lastly, those things are counted *Temporall*  
 Which had Beginnings and shall have their Ends,  
 And in that Rank the *World* it selfe doth fall,  
 Soe Honour, Riches, Strength, Allyes and Friends,  
 All which by Nature to Corruption bends ;  
 And in this Sence it's true Philosophy,  
 What doth Begin shall End most certainly.

L 3

And

78.

And therefore make noe things soe weake and vaine,  
 To be thy God, as if they were Eternall,  
 Nay doe not prize them as an equall Gaine  
 Unto thy Soule, which is *Perpetuall* ;  
 But hold them as they are, but *Temporall* ;  
 And since their Nature is to cease to bee,  
 Thinke they observe but their due course with thee.

79.

The Spacious World is Fortunes Tenniscourt,  
 Men are the *Balls* with which Rackett Tyme  
 She tosses too and fro for her disport,  
 Sometimes above, sometimes beneath the *Line*,  
 Now Bounding, straight struck Dead ; but yet in fine,  
 All goe into the Hazard, that's the *Grave*,  
 And they once gone the other *Balls* must have.

80.

Soe slenct hee ; and then spoke Spencer soe,  
 To my discourse (*deare Prince*) vouchsafe thine Eare,  
 And since wee all doe share alike in Woe,  
 Lett me have leave to Tune my Voice like theirs,  
 (*United Forces greater Forces beares* ;)  
 And all of us levell our Aymes at this,  
 To make them thinke the *World* but as it is.

81.

But (O) that *your Experience prov'd not true* !  
 Would wee did sitt upp'pon the quiett *Strand*,  
 And thence beheld the *Wrack* like to ensue,  
 And pitty others (wee secure on Land)  
 But our Estates in doubtfull hazards stand ;  
 Succeeding Ages by our Fall may read  
 How all things Hang tut by a Slender Thread.

82. Such

82.

Such is the fadd Condition of each State,  
Annexed to it by Eternall Doome,  
Which is Enrold in the Book of Fate,  
From whence the least Occurrences doe come  
That happen from the Cradle to the Tombe ;  
For though our Fortunes seeme but Casuall,  
*The Finger of the Highest is in all.*

83.

For who sees not how much the World bewitches ?  
Who feeles not how the Fleshe is apt to yield ?  
Especially made Insolent with Riches,  
How hard it is Prosperity to Wield ?  
How proudly Fighteth Sinn with such a shold,  
When Lustfull Ease, and full Saturity,  
And pleasing Tongues still draw on Vanity ?

84.

We may even of our selves an instance make,  
When did wee entertaine such Thoughts as these ?  
Or when did wee this Theame or Subj: & take ?  
Whilst Sinn, begott with Greatnes, nurst with Ease,  
Confirm'd with Use, and seeke all meanes to please  
The present Humor that did most delight,  
And fram'd our Wills according to our Mght.

85.

But now afflicting Sorrow doth affaile us,  
We tune our Consort to an other Key,  
We change our Minds because our Meanes doe faile us ;  
And those lewd Motives being remov'd away,  
Which did induce us soe to runn astray,  
Wee now recall our Wandring Thoughts againe,  
And from our Troubles take our truest Ayme.

86. O

86.

O sad Affliction ! though thou seemst severe,  
 Yett often times thou drawest us to God,  
 Who strikes for to Instruct, and clouds to cleare,  
 So doth the tender Father use the Rodd,  
 So Bitter Herbs in Medicines are sodd ;  
 Of easy reynes who doth not Reckoning make,  
 Must needs be Ridden with a rougher brake.

87.

If thus thou dost Account thou Recknest even,  
 And thou shalt summe thy Sorrowes with Delight,  
 God Strikes on Earth, that he may Stroke in Heaven,  
 He gives a Tallent when he takes a Myte ;  
 And left thy Soule should live in Endles Night,  
 He sends his Heralds onely to this End,  
 That thou mightst be his Follower, he thy Friend.

88.

He ceas'd, (I said) Spencer, I find it true,  
 Even from my selfe, I can the Proofe derive,  
 Calamity doth Fashon us anew,  
 Remorsefull Griefe into the Soule doth dive,  
 And Sorrow makes Repentant Thoughts to thrive ;  
 But full fedd Soules, and Fortunes soaring highe,  
 Thinke neither how to Live, nor how to Dy.

89.

I must confess the truth, the Tyme hath bene  
 Whilst my sweete candid Fortune lasted still,  
 I never thought on things that were unseene,  
 I onely was obsequious to my Will,  
 My Sence my God, whose Hefts I did full/ill,  
 And my deluded Soule did place her Good  
 Onely in that that pleas'd my wanton Blood.

90. How

90.

How often did I Plott *Impiety*,  
 And *Fashion* it upon my sinfull Bed ?  
 Still Huntinge after fresh Variety,  
 Longing to Aet what was in Fancy bred ;  
 How much were all Occasions welcomed  
 By which I might add Heate unto my Fire ?  
 And still new Formes were form'd by new Desire.

91.

And that I might without any Controule,  
 Without all check or touch of Conscience,  
 How often did I say unto my Soule,  
 Enjoy a Present Goed, be rul'd by Sense,  
 Not by Oppinion or Conceit, from whence  
 Some curious Braines have forg'd strainge Novelties,  
 But be thou Wise and followe Realties ?

92.

But (spencer) now I find I was a Fools,  
 And, like Ixion, did a Cloud imbrace,  
 Calamity hath sett me now to Schoole,  
 Where though I feele more Griefe I find more Graee,  
 And now I see how wretched was my Case ;  
 Whilst being Bewitcht with false Felicity,  
 I thought Religion but meere Pollicy.

93.

But now my Soule groanes with the weight of Sinn,  
 And I ly Prostrate at my Master's Feete,  
 I doe confess how I have Guilty binn,  
 How my *Dishonesty* hath taken Sower for Sweete,  
 I find a God whose Judgements now I meeete ;  
 Dam'd Asurist thou that saist there is noe God,  
 Thou wilt Confesse one when thou feelst his Rodd.

94 Lett

94.

Lett Pharoah live at rest and he will wage  
 Warr against Heaven, and aske who is the Lord,  
 Nay more and more the Tyrant still will rage,  
 Till God drawes forth his Sharpe avenging Sword,  
 Till his just Plagues noe breathing-time afford ;  
 Then I have sinn'd, Pray for me, lett them goe,  
 And then who God is Pharoah learnes to know.

95.

Soe doth the sharpest Bryre beare, sweetest Rose,  
 And bitter Medicines purge the Body best,  
 How wondrously doth God his Works dispose !  
 That even by Croſſet he can make us Bleſt,  
 And hath our chiefest Joy in Sorrowes nest ?  
 Then lett us not repine against his Doome,  
 But weave our Webb as he hath warpe our Loome.

96.

And Reading of the World thou Readſt aright,  
 It is indeed but merely Temporall,  
 Even these deare Pleaſures wherein Men delight,  
 Friends, Honours, Riches, are all Casuall,  
 And as they have their Hony ſoe their Gall ;  
 Thers nothing certaine in the World but this,  
 That every Worldly Thing uncertaine is.

97.

Those were our Parleyes as wee ſate alone  
 These tearefull Tributes duly were defray'd,  
 Now did wee Walke, and Weepe, now Sitt and Groane  
 Till Faithles Welsh, me, Friendles Wretch, betrayed  
 Unto their Hands, who ſtraightwaies me convaide  
 To Kenslworth, where I impriſoned lay ;  
 And never after ſaw one Blisfull Day.

98. Fo

98.

For first I was depos'd by Parliament  
From Princely Rule, as one not fitt to Raigne,  
Both Peeres and People all did give consent,  
That I Unking'd in Durance should remayne,  
And sent their Agents to me to explaine  
That if I would not to my Sonn resigne,  
They'd choose a Prince out of some other Lyne.

99.

O Englands Peeres, weigh what you take in hand,  
Looke but with Judgement into your Designe,  
That which you now attempt will wrack the Land,  
The Wounds whereof shall Bleed in Aftertyme,  
And Babes unborne shall Curse the Hatefull Cryme ;  
For whatsoe doth prevent the Course of things,  
*Wrath, Ruyne, Death, and Desolation brings.*

100.

There is a Lawfull and a certaine Right,  
Which must be allwaies kept inviolate,  
And being infring'd by Practise or by Might  
Drawes fearfull Judgements downe upon the State ;  
Then you or yours will wishe, although too late,  
That I had kept my rightfull Interest still,  
And you had not bene Agents of this ill.

101.

When your owne Children shall each other Wound,  
And with accursed hand goare others brest,  
When Civill Fury shall your State confound,  
Then will you say his Ghost is not att rest,  
His, whome unjustly wee have dispossess'd ;  
The Second Edwards, for whose Sacrifice,  
Your Nephewes then shall pay a Bloody Price.

102. Never

102.

Never (O never) was the Rightfull Course  
 Of this our Crownne perverted or supprest,  
 But still the same hath bene the fatall source  
 Of many Mischiefes, and of much unrest ;  
 And as the Land hath bene therewith opprest,  
 Soe the Usurper never kept it long  
 In any Quiet, what he gott with Wrong.

103.

William, who with his Sword did win the Crownne,  
 Getting by Conquest, what he kept with Care,  
 The true and lawfull Heir being sholdred downe,  
 Like a Wood Lyon (his own Word) did fare  
 Against the Englishe, whome he did not spare ;  
 Or Yong, or Old, that were of Worth or Place,  
 And for the rest, he yoak d with Bondage base.

104.

And as he toyld the Land with this unrest,  
 Soe tasted he his share of Misery,  
 Robert Rebells (a Bird of his owne Nest)  
 The Normans brake forth into Mutiny,  
 The oppressed Englishe hatch Conspiracy ;  
 Allwaies in Forraine Brawles or Civill Strife,  
 And soe wasts forth a wretched weary Life.

105.

Nay Death the Period-maker of all moane,  
 Even against Nature followes him with spight,  
 The mighty Prince by Thousands waited on,  
 Being Dead its left alone, forsaken quite,  
 Noe Sonne, noe Friend to doe him his last Right ;  
 None that voughsaf'd to give him Buriall,  
 But unregarded lay dispis'd of all.

106. No

106.

Nay more, the Ground where he shoulde be inter'd  
*Anselme* fitt farther (his dead Bones to fright)  
 Claym'd as his owne (a thing scarce ever heard)  
 And for the *Prince* there dead by lawles Might  
 Had warn'd him out of that which was his Right,  
 On God's behalfe he did forbid them all  
 Within his Earth to give him Buriall.

107.

Nor would he cease the Challenge he had made,  
 Nor yet durst they his Corps interr therein  
 Untill a Summe of Money was defraide,  
 With which they paid their Ransome for their Sins;  
 Soe much adoe had that great *Prince* to winn  
 That which none doth the poorest Wretch deny,  
 A Bedd of Peace where his dead Bones might ly.

108.

Nor was the Stremme of *Misery* thus staid,  
 The Date of our *Affliction* lasted still,  
 There is not yet sufficient Ransom paid,  
 The ill-got *Scepter* must be swaid as ill,  
 Rufus succeeds and still more Bloud doth spill;  
 Still havocks more, and yett doth tiranize,  
 Untill by suddaine Vyolence he dyes.

109.

Nor did the Crowne stand well on any Head  
 Til *Beau Clerk* gott the *Scepter* in his Hand,  
 Who to the *Saxon Mawde* being Marryed  
 Some Beames of Comfort chered the drooping Land,  
 And then our State in peaceful state did stand;  
 Till *Henry* dy'de, and *Steven* unjustly gott  
 The Crowne, and sett new Troubles here on floate.

M

110. Th

110.

Then burst there forth an ill consuming Flame,  
 The Empres Mawd sought to acquire her Right,  
 Steven had the Crowne, and he would keep the same  
 Untill shee should recover it by Fight ;  
 Then follow'd all the Hostile Arts of Spight  
*Sword, Fyer, Ropes, Murders, Leagers wast, and wrack,*  
 And nothing off extreamest Ills did take.

111.

So hath Unjust Succession scourg'd this Land ;  
 At length Steven dyes, after a wretched Raigne ;  
 Then Second Henry wears the Dyadem,  
 In whome the Rightfull Title did remaine,  
 And then our State did happy Fortunes gaine ;  
 Then did our Strength increase, our Bounds extend,  
 And many Nations to our Yoake did bende.

112.

Then Richard his brave Sonn did next succeed  
 In a Just Course, and all things prosper'd well ;  
 In Syria he did many a worthy Deed,  
 The Eastern World of his Exploits can tell,  
 And many Thousand Miscreants (sent to Hell)  
 By his Unconquer'd Arme have prov'd long since  
 That Cœur de Lyon was a peerles Prince.

113.

He dead, young Arthur should have had the Crowne  
 (The Sonne of Jeffrey, who was Henry's Sonn)  
 Had not King John his Uncle putt him downe,  
 Who being hal'd on by Ambition,  
 Diverts the Course of due Succession ;  
 Makes himselfe King, usurpes the Princes Name,  
 And murders Arthur to secure the same.

114. And

114.

And now (O now) begins our Tragedy,  
Where Death and Horror only Actors are,  
*John Governs*, as he Got, preposterously,  
And doth both with his *Peeres* and *Clergy* jarr ;  
Then *Janus* sets wide ope the Gates of Warr ;  
And then the Land with Bloud was overthrowne,  
And none could safely call his owne his owne.

115.

Then were the *Cittyes* sackt, the *Fields* laid wast,  
The *Virgins* forc'd, the *Maryage-Bed* defylde ;  
Then were the ancient *Monuments* defac'd,  
The *Ports*, untraffiqued, landed up and spoylde,  
Even God himselfe seem'd hence to be exilde,  
The Land was curst, and Sacred Rytess were bar'd,  
And Six Years space no Puplicke Prayers were heard

116.

Then did the King *Leave forth the Realm to Rome*,  
Then did the *Peeres of France* betray the *Crowne*,  
(O Heavens great King) how fearfull is thy Doome !  
How many many Plagues canst thou poure downe  
Upon a Nation, when thou please to frown ?  
*Arthur*, it was the Wrong done thee of late  
That made just Heaven so to afflict our *State*.

117.

But yett might not his *Death* that did the Deed  
Be a *Peace-Offering* to redeeme the Sin ?  
Why should the Land of that one Wound still bleed  
Or wherefore dyed not the Offence with him ?  
Was not the Measure heapt up to the Brim  
Both of the Ills he suffer'd and had donn,  
But that his Guilt must prosecute the Sonn ?

M 2

118. O

118.

O noe, althoough *Third Henry* was the Man  
 In whome the lawfull Ty~~e~~<sup>t</sup> was invested,  
 For (*Arthur Dead*) the Right was then in *John*,  
 And *John* deceas'd the same in *Henry* restid;  
 Yett that the World shold see how *God* detested,  
 Such wrongfull means, Acts soe unjustly donn,  
 The Fathers Whipp is made to scourge the Sonn.

119.

For still did Civil Fury Wound the State,  
 During the time of *Henries* pupill Age,  
 And still the Peeres swolne with intestive Hate  
 Against their Harmles Prince being under Age,  
 Combyne themselves with *France*, and when that rage  
 Was spent, the Barroues Warr brake forth againe,  
 Soe full of *Tumult* was *Third Henries Raigne*.

120.

He dead, my Father *Longshanks* then did Raigne,  
 And in due Course succeeded next his Syre,  
 Then all Afflictions did begin to wayne,  
 And *England* did to Peace and Wealth aspire,  
 Nor did the stremme of Blisse flowe ever higher  
 Then when first *Edward* managed the State,  
 Prudent in Peace, in Warrs most Fortunate.

121.

That Noble Prince my Breath to me did give,  
 Whom I succeeded in a rightfull Lyne,  
 You all have sworne Allegiance whilst I live,  
 And will you now Enforce me to Resigne?  
 Will you againe with sacred hand Untwine  
 That sacred Knott whereon depends our Good,  
 And drownd this Iland once againe in Bloud?

0

122.

O if you doe disorder thus the *Crowne*,  
 And turne the lawful *Course* another way,  
 If you unjustly wring me from mine owne,  
 You Spinn a Thread to worck your owne decay ;  
 And my *Prophetick Soule* doth truly say  
 The Time will come when this unjust Designe  
 Shall draw downe Wrath on this unhappy *Clyme*.

123.

And from my Stock two branches shall arise,  
 From whome shall grow such great *Disunion*,  
 As many Thousand Lives shall not suffice  
 To re-unite them both againe in one,  
*England* shall wast more deare Bloud of her owne,  
 Against her selfe, then would suffice t'obtaine  
 A Compleat Conquest both of *France* and *Spaine*:

124.

But when that Men are bent to doe amisse,  
 Then all Perswasions are but spent in vaine,  
 The *Parliament* was resolute in this,  
 That I their *King* no longer should remayne,  
 Whereto if I oppos'd my selfe 'twas vayne ;  
 They were resolv'd, and my Perversnes might  
 Make them perhapps to doe my Sonn lesse right.

125.

Which when I heard think how my Soule did Warr  
 Within it selfe which way I should incline,  
 Deare was my Sonn, my Selfe was dearer farr,  
 Must mine *Eclipse* (thought I) procure his *shine* ?  
 Cannot he Raigne unles I now resigne ?  
 My Father dy'd ere I could gett the *Crowne*,  
 I Live, and loe my Sonn must putt me downe.

My Sonne (alas poore Prince) it is not hee,  
 (But many Wolves masqu'd in the Lambs attire,)  
*Proud Mortymer*, 'tis thou Uncrownest mee,  
*(Luxurious Queene)* this is thy soule desire  
 And *moody Tarquin* (bellowes of this fyre)  
 'Tis you that are the Marrowe of the Sinne,  
 My Sonne doth serve but for the outward Skinne.

You are the *Wheele* that makes this *Clock* to Strike  
*My Fatall Homer*, (the last of all my Good,)  
 For this is not the height of your dislike,  
*Death* is the *Fruite* when *Treason* is the *Budd*,  
 Such Practises doe alwaies end in Bloud ;  
 When others Stumble, Kings fall headlong downe,  
 There is noe *Meane* betwixt a *Grove* and *Crowne*.

For this is certaine, *Sinn* doth alwaies find  
 Within it selfe sufficient cause of feare,  
 'Tis Dangerous to trust a Guilty Mind,  
 The *Creditor* remov'd the *Debts* thought cleare,  
 Men hate whome they have wrong'd, and hating Feare,  
 And Fearing will not cease, till they have prov'd  
 All meanes by which the *Cause* may be remov'd.

Therefore would I might leade a *Private Life*  
 In some *Sequestred Place* which none might see,  
 Where I might see to reconcile the strife,  
 That *Sinn* hath made betwixt my *God* and *mee* ;  
 Or if the Ransome of my *Crowne* might free  
 My Life from Slaughter, little would I grieve,  
 For none soe wretched but desires to Live.

130.

And yett why should I loose or Life or Crowne ?  
 Are Lives or Crownes such easy Losses ?  
 'Tis vaine to aske when Fortune list to frowne,  
 Or to enquire the Causes of our Crosses,  
 When Shippes at Sea, Stormes, Winds and Billowes  
 It boots not aske why Winds and Stormes should rise,  
 For Powerfull Heaven respects not Human Why's.

131.

The Stately Steed that champs the steely Bitt,  
 And proudly seems to menace Freind and Foe,  
 Doth Fling and Foame, and boundeth oft, and yett  
 (Poore Beast) perforce he is inforct to goe :  
 Even soe far'd I, and since it must be soe,  
 As good the same should seeme to come from mee,  
 'Twas best to Will what gainst my Will would bee.

132.

And soe I made a Solemne Resignation  
 Of all my Right and Title to my Sonn,  
 And therewithall an earnest Protestation,  
 Which was with Sighes and Weeping Teares begun ;  
 How much I Griev'd that I had soe Misdonn,  
 As to procure my Peers and Peoples Hate,  
 And soe be thought unworthy of the State.

133.

Which since I was I willingly would give  
 Unto my Sonne my Seate of Majesty,  
 Desiring them to give me leave to Live,  
 And not too much to tread on Misery,  
 For I had once their Faith and Fealty,  
 Which though I now discharg'd and sett them free,  
 (Though not obey) yet should they pity mee.

134. The

134.

The *Crowne* had often made my Head to ake,  
 And I praid God my Sonne felt not the same;  
 Whome they shoulde not lesse value for my sake,  
 Since by his Vertue he might salve my Shame;  
 And well I hope my Precedent would tame  
 All Youthfull Humours which are easily ledd  
 Unto those Courses which confusion bredd.

135.

And here though Griefe my Senses did overhelme,  
 And I seem'd Dead, yett that noe Barr might bee,  
 Sir Thomas Trussell Knight of all the *Realme*  
 Did then renounce Obedience unto mee,  
 And of all Faith and Service sett them Free;  
 My Steward brake his Staffe, my State before,  
 Was now discharg'd, and I was King noe more.

136.

Marke what Pretences *Wrong* can make of *Right*,  
 How loth Men seeme gainst Justice to offend?  
 (O sacred *Vertue*) thou art full of might,  
 When even thy *Foes*, thy *Tytle* will pretend;  
 As if thy onely *Shaddowe* could amend  
 All *wrongfull A&ts*, but now 'tis growne an *Use*,  
 Thou must be made a *Cloke* to hide *Abuse*.

137.

But when I thus had parted with my *Crowne*,  
 I did bewayle the wayneinge of my State,  
 poore Prince (said I) how low art thou cast downe  
 From that high Heaven which thou enjoydst of late?  
 Thou hast noe prospect but an Iron Grate,  
 The costly Hangings Ragged Walls of Stone,  
 And all thy Sollace Solitary Moane.

138. Now

138.

New of a *Cushion* thou maist make a *Crowne*,  
And play the *Mark-King* with it on thy Head,  
And on the Earth (thy Chaire of State) sit downe ;  
And why not soe, since thou art Earthly Breed ?  
But for a *Scepter* how wilt thou be speed ?  
Why take a *Brand* and shake it in thy Hand,  
And now thou art a *King* of great Command.

139.

All-guiding Heaven, what Change doe I indure !  
Once *Wealthe at Will*, but *Wealthy* now in *Want* :  
Then *Men* my *Pleasure*, now my *Grief* procure ;  
Then *Change of Houses*, now one *Chamber* scant ;  
Then *Thoughts of Rest*, now *Restless Thought* doth  
The sad remembrance of my wretched Fate, (plant  
What now I am, and what I was of late.

140.

Methinks the *Birds* upbraid me in their *Songs*,  
And only sing my *Shame* in everie *Place* ;  
Methinks the *Waters* murmur forth my *Wrong*,  
And in their *Course* discourse of my *Disgrace* ;  
Methinks the *Sunne* doth blush to see my *Face* ;  
The whistling *Winds* methinks doe witness this,  
No *Griefe* soe great as to have liv'd in *Bliffe*.

141.

When I complain to *Echo*, but heed a King,  
The Sound's a *King*, and yett no *King* am I :  
In silent Night when I my Rest am taking,  
I dream on Kings, yett I unking'd do lye,  
And still sweet *Sleepe* seales up my weary Eye ;  
I cannot fix my *Thoughts* on any thing  
But tells me straight that once I was a King.

142. That

142.

That once I was (ay me) that now I am not,  
 And now I am not, would I had been never,  
 Least feels he Want that yett to Plenty came not,  
 To have been happy is unhappy ever,  
 But to forgett my selfe I will endeavour,  
 And only this poor plain Song will I sing,  
*I was not borne, nor shall I dye a King.*

143.

In such Complaints I spent my weary Time,  
 My Cozen Leister well respecting mee,  
 Which to my Foes did seeme a hainous Cryme,  
 Who after Consultation did agree  
 Some more obdurate should my Keepers be ;  
 Then Gurney and Maltravers chosen were  
 To rid me of my Life, them of their Feare.

144.

They that have Eares to heare of my Extremes,  
 And feeling Hearts to comprehend my Woes,  
 And yett have Eyes as drye as Sunny Beames,  
 Whence noe moist Teares (poor Pities Tribute) flowes,  
 Within such Minds whole Mynes of Marble growes,  
 Flint-hearted Men that pitty not my Moane,  
 Some Gorgon's Head hath turn'd your Hearts to Stone.

145.

And what have I to doe with Stony Hearts ?  
 With Men of Marble what have I to doe ?  
 I take noe Pleasure in Pigmalion's Arts,  
 I could not worck one Stone or Marble, Woe,  
 He lov'd his Stony Maid and joy'd her too :  
 She was transform'd at his incessant Moane,  
 Soe were my Foes but chang'd from Men to Stone.

146. And

146.

And would to God I had bene chang'd like them,  
 Then without Sence I should have borne my Paine,  
 And Senseles haples are halfe happy Men,  
 Who feeles no Griefe what needs he much complain?  
 But I was toucht, being struck in everie Vein,  
 That my Dispayers to their Desires might bring  
 The fatall Period whence their Feares did spring.

147.

And first they hurried me from Place to Place,  
 That none might have Intelligence of mee,  
 They cloathed me with Garments *vile* and *base*,  
 Unlike *my selfe*, that I unknowne might bee,  
 And lest I should the cherefull Daylight see  
 I still remov'd when Sol his Course had runn,  
 My Day was Night, and Moone shone was my Sunn.

148.

I did lament that Woes towards might yeeld,  
 And said (*Faire Cinthia*) with whose brightsome shine  
 This sable night doth beare a Silver sheild,  
 Yet thou art Gratioues to theise Greifes of myne,  
 That with thy Light doth clere my drooping Eyne;  
 Thou borrowest Light to lend the same to mee,  
 I Lightned those that myne Eclipsers bee.

149.

The Glorious Sonne (thy Brother) lends thee Light,  
 My Sonne makes me obscure unlike to thee,  
 Endymions Love thou didst with Love requite  
 My Love distressteth and disdayneth mee,  
 Yett both too like in often chainging bee;  
 O noe, for thou being wayn'd dost wax againe,  
 But still her Love contynewes in the wayne.

150. Some

150.

Some doe ascribe the Oream Ebbs and Flowes,  
 Unto thy Influence worcking in the same ;  
 I wott not that, but this poore Edward knowes,  
 Men ebbe and stowe as Fortune list to frame,  
 Whose Smiles or Frownes do make or marr our Game ;  
 Then sure we all must stoope unto her Lure,  
 When she is false, how can our States be sure ?

151.

But cease (Faire Phœbe) cease your beauteous Shine,  
 Spend not thy Rayes on such a Wretch as I,  
 Gaint whom the very Heavens themselves repine,  
 Whose Presence all good boding Starrs doe fly,  
 Thou give me leave that I obscure may dy,  
 And suffer me unseene, unsought to goe,  
 Some Ease it is not to be knowne in Woe.

152.

And that the humide Vapours of the Night  
 Might be of force to make weake Nature fail,  
 They made me ride cold and bare headed quite,  
 To whom both Hatts and Heads were wont to vail,  
 Whilst I with prosperous Wind at Will did fail;  
 But now I was reproacht with hatefull Crymes,  
 O Tymes ! O Men ! O Change of M. n and Tymes !

153.

Thinke not that I was Marble, nor to have  
 A Sense of Ill after a feeling Fashion,  
 Which made me sometimes for to frett and rave,  
 Sometimes to weep and humbly begg Compassion,  
 As I was swaid by variable Passion,  
 Remembryng what I was, some Stormes did passe  
 And straight a Calme remembryng what I was.

154. Trajtor

154.

*Traytors (quoth I) why doe you use me thus ?  
 Know you not me, forgett you who I am ?  
 Was not great Longshanks Father unto us,  
 I Kingly Edward Second of that Name ?  
 Why kneele you not ? oft have you done the same.  
 Why shold you not ? since you were sworn to do it,  
 And by our Birthright wee are Borne unto it.*

155.

*From forth the Loynes of many Kings came I,  
 This Head hath bene Impalled with a Crowne,  
 And will you now a simple Hatt deny ?  
 I'll be Revenged ; They doe not feare my frownie,  
 Too well, too well, they know my Sonn is downe,  
 My Day is done, now doth my Night beginn,  
 And Owles not Eagles use to fly therein.*

156.

*I have bene Grac't, let me be Gracious now ;  
 I have Commanded, let me now Request ;  
 Your sometimes King hath humble Knees to bow,  
 And Weeping Eyes to crave some little Rest,  
 Man's Heart of Fleshe, he hath no Flinty Breft.  
 Fliny reports, one had a Hairy Heart ;  
 But you are Stones, els would you rue my Smart.*

157.

*And that I might be wretched everie Way,  
 That everie Sence might have his proper Paine,  
 The Byrd to whom Prometheus was a Prey,  
 The waking Serpent that doth Rest refraine,  
 (Hunger I meane) did gnaw on me amayne ;  
 Hunger (fell Hunger) forc'd me for to Eate  
 Such Foode as never Nature made to Eate.*

N

I

158.

I that *Lucullus*-like was serv'd at will,  
 With whatsoe'er *Sea* or *Land* affords,  
 Would now be glad of Roots to feed my fill,  
 (Such *Want* doth often followe *Wastfull Boards*)  
 Better the Frugall feed on Roots and Guords,  
 That keepes the *Soule* and *Body* both in *Health*,  
 And God doth Blesse with great Increase of *Wealth*.

159.

*Camelions* feed upon the piercing *Ayre*,  
 I wisht that Nature had but made me such,  
 The *Salamander* doth its strength repaire  
 Amidst the *Fire* when it the *Flame* doth touch,  
 Against whose Happy State I did not grutch;  
 But onely wisht my selfe to have such meanes,  
 For Hunger is th' Extreamest of Extreames.

160.

I thought sometimes to eate my very *Fleshe*,  
 My brawnles Armes would doe some little good,  
 But still my *Stomach* loath'd soe vile a *Messe*,  
 And would not serve me to digest my Bloud;  
 My *Teeth* should rather tare the Stones for Food,  
 I'de soften them with *Teares* and senseles Moanes,  
 But Stones were hard, and Men more hard then Stones.

161.

And for to make my selfe to frett to Death,  
 They crost and thwarted me in everie thing,  
 Sweete Sugar'd Words like to the *Panthers* Breath,  
 You pleasing Tongues, whose *Ghymes* do sweetly ring  
 Where are you now? why sooth you not your King  
 Yea soe you wiM, but that is not my *Case*,  
 And Flatterers tune not the *Meane* or *Rage*.

162. II

162.

How is the *Deadly Venom* of fair Tongues ?  
 Whose *NectarTearmes* doe seeme more sweete then oyle,  
 And all the Breath that commeth from their Lungs  
 Is sweete in shew, but full of *Gall* and *Guile* ;  
 Beleeve me ther's more *Danger* in their *Smile*  
 Then in their *Frowne*, for seene is soone detected,  
 But they hurt most that are the least suspected.

163.

O why are *Princes* like to *Brasen Potts* !  
 Which being Great are lifted by the Eares,  
 Little see they their Reaches and their Plotts,  
 Whose Tongues are tun'd to sooth them many Yeare<sub>s</sub>,  
 Till turnes be serv'd, and then it straight appeares  
 That *Hony* gone, the *Combs* are soone rejected,  
 And wanting *Meanes* the *Man* is lesse Respected.

164.

*May it please your Highness*, was my wonted Stile,  
 Whose Pleasure now is valued lesse then mine ?  
 Did I louke Cloudy, who durst seeme to Smile ?  
 Or was I pleasant, who durst then Repine ?  
 Spake I ? *Appolloes Words* were lesse then mine,  
 What ere I did *Applause* grac'd everie thinge  
 And this the *Cause*, because I was a King.

165.

But now the *Spring Time* of my Blisse is donn,  
 These *Nightingalls* that did soe sweetly Sing,  
 In this my *Winter* all are fled and gonn,  
 Nay turn'd to *Serpents* that both Hize and Sting,  
 And this the *Cause*, because I am no King ;  
 A King and noe King, happ and mishapp doth bring,  
 And none more *Haples* then a King noe King.

N 2

166. And

166.

And that my *Words* might Unrespected bee,  
 And neither I nor they regarded ought ;  
 They gave it out my *Senses* failed mee,  
 And I was *Madd* and haplesly distraught :  
 'Tis true, I have bene *Madd*, and dearly bought  
 My *Madnes*, I was *Madd* when I did blott  
 My *Soule* with *Sinn*, when I my *God* forgott.

167.

But now my *Senses* are restor'd again,  
 And I begin to see how *Madd* I was  
 To putt my *Trust* in things that are soe vaine,  
 To change my *Heavenly Gold* for *Earthly Glasse*,  
 To doate on *Shadowes*, letting *Substance* passe ;  
 And now my *God* hath purg'd that *Lunacy*  
 With bitter *Potions* of *Calamity*.

168.

And soe this *Sicknes* is too Generall,  
 The *World* doth labour of this *Madd Disease*,  
 This *Frantick Humor* doth distract us all,  
 Wee onely seeke the present *Sence* to please,  
 And whilst wee live, soe wee may floate at ease,  
 Wee quite forgett the Place where wee must Land,  
 The *Throane* of *Judgement* where we all shall stand.

169.

Why should *Mankind* be soe extreamly *Madd*,  
 As for the *short Fruition* of vaine *Pleasure*,  
 (Which often is repented when 'tis had)  
 To loose a *Soule* more worth then *Worlds* of *Treasure*?  
 This is indeed a *Madnes* above measure ;  
 Thus once I *Rav'd* and therefore now I *Rue*,  
 Thus *Rave* you now, and therefore soe shall you.

170. And

170.

And least my *Torments* should but seeme to cease,  
 Or breath a while, they would not lett me rest,  
 Of *quiett Sleep*, (the Harbinger of Peace)  
 The comon Inn both unto Men and Beast)  
 My weary Eyes would never be possest,  
 My Head wazt *Light*, yet *Heavy* was my *Heart* ;  
 Two Contraryes, one Cause, but noe Desert.

171.

I that once had soe many *Princely Bowers*,  
 And in the same soe many *Bedds of State*,  
 With sweete *Perfumes* and beautious *Peramours* ;  
 And *Melody*, (such as at *Plutoes Gate*  
 Once *Orpheus* plaid) and all most delicate,  
 To charme the *Senses*, and bewitch the *Soule* ;  
 Must not now *Sleepe* one Hour without *Controule*.

172.

O ! *Justice* ! what a *Tally* dost thou keepe  
 Of all our *Sinns*, and how thou payst them right ?  
 Though *God* doth Wink yett doth he never *Sleep* ;  
 The Eye of *Heaven* sees in the darkest *Night*,  
 My sinful waft of Time, then thought but light,  
 Was chalked up, and now he pays the Score  
 With want of that, which I abus'd before.

173.

Fond Men (quoth I) you have in all bene *cruell*,  
 But yett in this you are too much unwise,  
 If to my *Torments* you will add more *Fuell*,  
 You should permitt some Slumber to mine Eyes,  
 That being wak'd fresh Sorrowes might arise :  
 Nor can I last, my Strength with watching spent,  
 For *Bowes* grow weake that never stand unbent.

N 3

174. Beside<sub>s</sub>

174.

Besides contynuall thinking of my Woe  
 Soe dulles my Senses that I feele it lesse ;  
 As Pathes grow plaine whereon we allwaies goe,  
 Soe Hearts grow hard that never find redresse,  
 And you will make me Senseles by accesse ;  
 I know you Hate me, shew your Hates therefore ;  
 And lett me Slumber for to vexe me more.

175.

And that my Griefe might worck in me the more ;  
 By apprehension of my present Fall,  
 And sadd Remembrance of my State before,  
 They wreath a Crowne of Hay, and therewithall  
 They Crown'd me and eftsoons King did call,  
 And said in scorne, God save this jolly Kinge, (bringe.  
 O save me, God, whome Devells to Death would

176.

(Blood,

And thou (meke Lambe) that with thy precious  
 Didst make Attонement twixt my God and me,  
 Which was more Soveraign for a Sinners good  
 Then sweetest Myrre and purest Balme could bee,  
 See how these wicked Men dishonor thee,  
 The Spunge, the Speare, the Croffe, the Crowne of Thorne,  
 Thy Ensignes are, and may not ells be borne.

177.

(Hay,

Thy Head was Crown'd with Thornes, mine but with  
 Thou knowst noe Sinn, my Sinn the same exceeds ;  
 Well may I follow where thou ledst the way,  
 And (O ! ) that I might follow thee indeed ;  
 Then of the Tree of Life my Soule shall Feed :  
 My Soule that hath noe other Hope but this,  
 Who would be Thine, thou allwaies wil be His.

178. Sweete

178.

Sweete Saviour Christ, these are the Hopes I have,  
 Though they afflict me yett my Soule is thine ;  
 A Tyrant cannot reach beyond his Grave,  
 These fiery Tryalls make me brighter Shine ;  
 Thou canst relieve me when thou seest the Tyme,  
 Or I shall End or they at last will Cease ;  
 Thou wilt give Patience, till thou givst Release.

179.

And that I might even of my Selfe be hated,  
 They shave off all my Beard in my disgrace,  
 Their Instrument a Rayzor blunt rebated,  
 And from a filthy Dytch nere to the Place  
 They fetch'd cold muddy Water for my Face ;  
 To whome I said that even in their despight,  
 I would have warme, my Teares should doe that right.

180.

(Eyes,

Theise drops of Brine that poure downe from mine  
 Mine Eyes cast to Heavens glorious Frame, (scryes,  
 That Frame from whence God all Earthly deeds de-  
 That God that guerdens Sinne with Death and Shame,  
 Shall Wittnes (yea and will Revenge the same)  
 That you have bene most craell to your King, (bring.  
 Whose Death his Doome, his Doome your Deaths will

182.

Unmanly Men, remember what I was,  
 And think withall what you your Selves may be,  
 I was a King, a powerful King I was,  
 You see my Fall and can your Selves be free ?  
 But you have Friends, why you wer Friends to mee,  
 And yett you see how much your Love is chang'd,  
 So others Love may be from you estrang'd.

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 But you have Friends, why you wer Friends to mee,  
 And yett you see how much your Love is chang'd,  
 So others Love may be from you estrang'd.

182. But

182.

But you are *Young* and full of able Strength,  
 And am not I? what bootes my Strength or Youth?  
 Both now seeme firme, but both shall faile at length,  
*Old Age Cold Age*, and both sall grieve ensueth,  
 But you are *Wise*, the more should be your *Ruth*  
 Of my *Estate*, whose wrack may teach you this,  
 That *balefull Chance*, may *Cloud* your greatest *Blisse*.

183.

You are not, noe you are not Beastes by Birth,  
 Nor yett am I made of a senseles Stone,  
*Wee* all were *Fram'd* and all shall turne to *Earth* ;  
 You shoulde have feeling Souls, for I have one ;  
 Then seeme at least Relenting to my Moane,  
*I Pitty crave*, and craving lett me have it ;  
 Because one Day, your Selves may need to crave it.

184.

But these *sadd Motives* could not worke at all  
 In their hard Steely Hearts the least remorse,  
 They rather added *Wormwood* to may *Gall*,  
 And exercise of Ill did make them worse ;  
*Soe violent Streames* doe hold their wanted *Coarse*,  
 And being *Flesht* in *Cruelty* before ;  
*Use* made the *Habite* perfect more and more.

185.

And least one *Torment* should be left untryed,  
 They shutt me in a *Vault* and laid by me ;  
 Dead *Carkases* of Men that lately dyed,  
 That their fowle Stinch my fatall Bane might be,  
 Those were the Objects that myne Eyes did see,  
 These Smells I felt, with these I did converse,  
 And unto these, these Plaints I did rehearse.

186. O

186.

O Happy Soules whose Bodies here I see,  
For you have plaid your Parts and are at rest,  
Yett some way haples you may seeme to bee  
That with your Bodies I am thus distrest,  
Perhaps you'd grieve if that you knew at least,  
That by your means your King is thus Tormented;  
Grieve not deare Soules, for I am well contented.

187.

'Tis not your Bodies senseles as they are,  
That doe inflict these Torments on your King;  
But the fierce Agents of proud Mortimer,  
From them my Plagues proceed as from the Spring,  
And (O great Heaven) lett them their Tributs bring  
Back to the Ocean whence they first did flow,  
And in their Passage still more greater grow.

188.

But what (*por Soules*) have you deserv'd soe ill,  
That being Dead you must want Buriall?  
Nothing but this, I must my Fates fulfill,  
And still be Plagu'd with Woes unnaturall:  
My Wretchedness must still transcend in all,  
The Living and the Dead must doe me spight,  
And you, poore Soules, for me must want your right.

189.

But you are Happy, free from sense of Wrong,  
Here lye your Bodies but your Soules are well,  
Death doe not then forbear thy Stroake too long,  
That with these Happy Soules my Soule may dwell,  
And Soule be gladd to goe, here is thy Hell,  
And even in this th'art Happy that 'tis here,  
O better soe then it should be elsewhere.

190. What

190.

What seest thou now but objects of disgrace?  
 What do'st thou heare but tearmes and scernes of spight?  
 What do'st thou Touch that is not Vile and Base?  
 What do'st thou Tast that may procure Delight?  
 What do'st thou Smell but Stinck both Day and Night?  
 Thy Sight, thy Hearing, Touching, Tast and Smell,  
 All cry for Heaven, for here is now their Hell.

191.

This Darksome Vault, this House of Acheron,  
 These Wicked Men like Fiends doe Torture mee,  
 This Myery Sinck resembles Phlegeton,  
 My Acted Sinns like fearful Furyes bee,  
 And he that would a whole Infernall see,  
 Lett him observe these Torments I indure,  
 And he shall finde Hells lively Portraiture.

192.

The Earth it self is weary of my Paine,  
 And like a Gentle Mother moves for mee,  
 From me thou camst, returne to me againe,  
 Within my Wombe I'll keepe thee safe (quoth she)  
 And from theise vile Abusers sett thee free ;  
 Never shall these fell Tyrants wrong thee more,  
 He that payes Death dischargeth everie Skore.

193.

These Bodies that thou seest thy Brothers were,  
 Subject to many Wants and thousand Woes,  
 They now are clear'd from Care and freed from Feares  
 And from the Pressure of insulting Foes,  
 And now they live in Peace and sweete Repose ;  
 Thy selfe can Witnes that they feele noe Woe,  
 And as they Rest, even thou shalt Rest thee soe.

194. Their

194.

Their *Eyes* that whilst they liv'd oft tyded Teares,  
 Thou seest how sweetly they enjoy their Rest,  
 These harshe unpleasing Sounds that deaf'd their *Eares*,  
 Are turn'd to *Angells* Tunes among the Blest,  
 Their Soules that were with pensive Thoughts possest,  
 Now in their *Makers* Bosome without End  
 Enjoy that *Peace*, whereto thy Soule doth bend.

195.

And thou had'st neede of *Peace* (*poore Wretched Soule*)  
 If ever any *Soule* had neede of *Peace*,  
 God being in *Armes* against thee doth *inrowle*  
*All Nature* in his *Lift*, which doth not cease  
 To *Fight* against thee, and doe still increase  
 Thy *Wretchedness*; forbear, *Rebellious Duff*,  
 To *Warr* with *him* who is both *Great* and *Just*.

196.

I would to *God* that I had dy'd e're this,  
 Then had my *Sinns* bene fewer then they are,  
 Then had my *Soule* long since repos'd in *Blisse*,  
 Which now is wandring still in waies of *Care*;  
 Lifes *Griefe* exceeds Lifes *Good* without *Compare*,  
 Each *Day* doth bring a fresh supply to *Sorrow*,  
 Most wretched *Now*, yett shall be more to *Morrom*.

197.

My *carefull Mother* might have helped *mee*,  
 When I lay *Sprawling* in her tender *Wombe*,  
 If shee had made her burdened *Belly* bee  
 My fruitles *Birthbedd*, and my fatall *Tombe*;  
 Sure had shee knowne her *Sonn's* accursed *doome*,  
 She never would have wrong'd her selfe soe much  
 To beare a *Wretch*, save whome was never such.

198. My

198.

My tender Nurse is guilty of these Paines,  
 She might have put some Payson in my Pappe;  
 Or lett me fall, and soe dash out my Braines,  
 When shee full oft did daunce me on her Lappe,  
 A thousand waies had freed me from Mishappe;  
 But he whome Heaven ordaines to live distrest,  
 Death will delay to sett the Wretch at Rest.

199.

For Death is weary Pilgrims Rest and Joy,  
 This World of Woes a hard and flinty way,  
 Our Birth the Path that leads to our annoy,  
 Our Friends are fellow passengers to Day,  
 And gone to Morrow, Honor is a stay  
 That either stopps, or leads us els amisse,  
 Pleasures are Thieves, that intercept our Blisse.

200.

Yett whilst we travaile, Fortune like the Weather,  
 Doth alter Faire and Fowle, soe doth our way,  
 If Faire, then Friends like Fellowes flock togeather;  
 If Foule, each Man doth shift a severall way;  
 Only our Vertues, or our Vices stay  
 And goe with us, whose endles Memory  
 Doth make us Live or Dy Eternally.

201.

This is the Fraight that Men cannot unload,  
 Noe not by Death: therefore Mortality,  
 Worke for thy selfe whilst here thou mak'st aboade,  
 For on the present hath dependency  
 Thy future endles Blisse or Misery;  
 And Death's the Convoy to conduct us Home,  
 Come Death to me that I to Rest may come.

202. Per

202.

Perhaps thou fear'st mee being Great and Highe,  
 (O Death). Men were a thinge intollerable  
 Were he not mortall; but even Kings must Dy,  
 Noe privilidge doth against Death inable,  
 Both Fatt and Leane are Dishes for his Table;  
 The difference this, the Poore one hath his Grave,  
 The Great one, he his Monument must have.

203.

Our Fates, may be conceiv'd but not controul'd,  
 Before our dated Tyme we cannot Dy,  
 Our Daies are numbred and our Minuts told,  
 Both Death and Life are destin'd from on highe;  
 And when that God that Rules the Imperiall Sky  
 Shall find it fitt, then thou shalt goe in Peace,  
 Meane while with patience looke for thy release.

204.

Thus unto Care I paid his due Complaint,  
 And joyn'd with all my Tributary Teares,  
 Such my lament, (for Griefe finds noe restraint,)  
 As they at last came eaven unto their Fates  
 That by the Castle dwelt, which caus'd such Feare  
 In their Selfe-Guilty Soules that used me soe,  
 As they resolv'd my Death to end my Woe.

205.

To which effect came Letters from the Court,  
 Written by Tarlton at the Kings Commaund,  
 In such a Cloudy and ambiguous sort,  
 That diverse waies one might them understand:  
 By pointing them, that if they should be scand;  
 He and his Letters might be free from blame,  
 And they Delinquents that abus'd the same.

206. Which

206.

Which to effect, they first removed mee  
 From forth the Vault where I before did ly,  
 And made a Shew as if they mente to bee  
 Compassionated for my Misery,  
 And would hereafter graunt Immunity  
 From such unworthy Usage : (Soe wee see)  
 The Sunne shines Hott before the Shower will be.

207.

But being overwatcht and wearyed too,  
 Nature was much desirous of some Rest,  
 Which gave them opportunity to doe  
 What they desired, for beinge with Sleepe opprest,  
 They clapt a Massy Table on my Brest,  
 And with great Weight soe kept me downe withall  
 That Breathe I could not, much lesse Cry or Call.

208.

And then into my Fundament they thrust  
 A little Horne as I did groveling ly,  
 And that my violent Death might shun mistrust,  
 Through that same Horne, a Redd-Hott Spitt, whereby  
 They made my Guts and Bowells for to fry ;  
 And soe continued till at last they found  
 That I was Dead, yett seem'd to have noe Wound.

209.

And here I pitch the Pillars of my Paine,  
 Now. (*Ne plus ultra*) shall my Poesy bee ;  
 And Thou that hast describ'd my Tragick Raigns,  
 Lett this at least give some content to Thee,  
 That from disastrous Fortune none are free.  
 Now take the worke out of the Loome againe ;  
 And tell the World that all the World is Vaine.

E. I. N. I. S.

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